

Lost Chance in Vietnam Stanley Karnow

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—February 2, 1974, 50 cents

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Walter Pincus

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Some things your kids can see on TV in the next two months. And some things they can't.

Children watch lots of television.

Most watch it for fun. But they can also find many hours of enrichment and information, too.

Like most television programs, the ones for youngsters are generally supported by advertising. But commercials in programs designed primarily for children must meet special standards—the guidelines of the broadcasters' Television Code.

Here are some don'ts from the Code: Children can't be shown risking harm. And they can't be told to ask their parents to buy things for them. Ads mustn't mislead. And they mustn't confuse young viewers or cause dissatisfaction by comparing one toy with another. Program hosts can't sell to young-

sters during their programs, and famous people whom kids admire can't endorse items. Products must not be overglamorized, but shown as they are. Words like "just" or "only" can't be used to make prices seem attractive. And if a doll's clothes or batteries for a toy must be bought separately, the ad can't hide that fact. Medical remedies can't be sold in or near children's programs.

The Code is one way broadcasters meet their responsibilities to youngsters.

Another way is with programs that are entertaining and enriching for children and for the family.

The selective viewer will find an ample range of choices in the list below.

The Baboons of Gombe. Jane Goodall and the World of Animal Behavior. Friday, Feb. 1 (8-9 pm).

It's A Mystery, Charlie Brown; There's No Time for Love, Charlie Brown. Friday, Feb. 1 (8:30-9 pm); Sunday, March 17 (7:30-8 pm).

What's the Supreme Court All About? The Court's role explained for the young. Saturday, Feb. 2 (12-12:30 pm).

CBS Children's Film Festival. Friends for Life; Tony and the Tick-Tock Dragon; Tymancha's Friend; Tjorven, Batsman and Moses; Giant Eel; Jumping Over Puddles; Mr. Horatio Knibbles. Saturdays, Feb. 2, 9, 16; March 2, 9, 16, 30 (1-2 pm).

NBC Religious Specials. Discovery; A Peculiar Treasure. Sundays, Feb. 3, 17 (5-6 pm).

Cinderella. Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. Sunday, Feb. 3 (7:30-9 pm).

The Migrants. CBS Playhouse 90—Tennessee Williams drama of poor farm workers. Sunday, Feb. 3 (9-10:30 pm).

The Little Mermaid. Hans Christian Andersen, animated. Monday, Feb. 4 (8-8:30 pm).

Dr. Seuss. Horton Hears a Who; The Lorax. Mondays, Feb. 4; March 25 (8:30-9 pm).

The Country Girl. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Clifford Odets drama starring Jason Robards, Shirley Knight Hopkins, George Grizzard. Tuesday, Feb. 5 (8:30-10 pm).

The Man Who Changed the Navy. Profile of Admiral Elmo Zumwalt. Tuesday, Feb. 5 (10-11 pm).

ABC Afterschool Special. Rookie of the Year; Cyrano. Wednesdays, Feb. 13; March 6 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Highlights of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. Thursday, Feb. 14 (8-9 pm).

The American Music Awards. Public's choice of jazz, rock and pop. Tuesday, Feb. 19 (8:30-10 pm).

It's Good To Be Alive. GE Theater—Based on life of Roy Campanella. Friday, Feb. 22 (9-11 pm).

Today is Ours. CBS Festival of the Lively Arts for Young People—Poems of the Black Experience. Saturday, Feb. 23 (1-2 pm).

The Wizard of Oz. Judy Garland, Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr, Jack Haley. Sunday, Feb. 24 (6:30-8:30 pm).

Beneath the Bottom of the World. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—Documentary on world under Antarctic ice. Thursday, Feb. 28 (8-9 pm).

Hello, Dolly! Musical "Matchmaker." Thursday, Feb. 28 (8 pm—Conclusion).

Heidi. With Maximilian Schell, Jean Simmons, Michael Redgrave, Jennifer Edwards. Wednesday, March 6 (8-10 pm).

Pueblo. Hal Holbrook in drama on naval incident. Thursday, March 7 (9-11 pm).

Marlo Thomas and Friends in "Free to Be . . . You and Me." Monday, March 11 (8-9 pm).

Portrait: Harry Truman. Incident in life of the late President. Monday, March 11 (10-11 pm).

Living With Elephants. Documentary on Tanzania. Wednesday, March 13 (8-9 pm).

The Execution of Private Slovik. Only GI executed for desertion since Civil War. Wednesday, March 13 (8:30-11 pm).

The World You Never See. Natural marvels in photomicrography. Thursday, March 14 (8-9 pm).

The Big Cats. National Geographic Society—Studies major felines near extinction. Friday, March 15 (8-9 pm).

The Merchant of Venice. ABC Theatre—British National Theatre production, starring Laurence, Olivier, Joan Plowright. Saturday, March 16 (8:30-11).

We, the Women. The American Parade—Progress of women in America. Sunday, March 17 (8-9 pm).

6 Rms Riv Vu. Broadway comedy with Carol Burnett, Alan Alda. Sunday, March 17 (9-10:30 pm).

The White Collar Worker. Changing status of office workers. Sunday, March 17 (10-11 pm).

American Film Institute Salute to James Cagney. Tribute to one of film's legends. Monday, March 18 (9:30-11 pm).

The Energy Crisis: American Solutions. Explores new methods, sources. Thursdays, March 21, 28 (10-11 pm).

The Red Pony. Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara in Steinbeck's story. Friday, March 22 (8-10 pm).

The Selfish Giant. Oscar Wilde story, animated. Monday, March 25 (8-8:30 pm).

Winnie the Pooh and the Honey Tree. A. A. Milne story in animation. Tuesday, March 26 (8-8:30 pm).

Blizzard at Hope Bay. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—The crew faces Antarctic winter. Sunday, March 31 (7:30-8:30 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/CBS Morning News/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company

Saturday: In the News/Multiplication-Grammar Rock/Yogi's Gang/Super Friends/Emergency+4/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/GO/CBS Children's Film Festival/ABC Wide World of Sports/Reasoner Report

Sunday: In the News/Multiplication-Grammar Rock/Kid Power/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney/Masterpiece Theatre/NBC News Special Edition

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

TRB

from Washington
February 2, 1974

Oil and Starvation

Fulani is a little girl who lives in India, with small bones and lackluster eyes, who is only eight but looks 12, and she is probably one of the millions who will die this summer from the food shortage growing out of the oil shortage. About mid-August America is likely to discover that there is a crisis, not merely in India but possibly in Africa, much of the Mideast and parts of Latin America, and it will send emergency food supplies, by which time it will be too late. If a world food bank is begun it will have to be done now. There seems no sign of movement, however, by the government here. It is the greatest human drama in the world today.)

We are so bemused by our gasoline shortage, that we can't see what's happening on Spaceship Earth. It's not hard to trace, however. Oil is a big component of nitrogen fertilizer; if oil leaps in price so does fertilizer. Japan imports oil, uses it to produce fertilizer, exports it to India. Less fertilizer, less food. Lester Brown of the Overseas Development Council tells me that Japan has cut fertilizer production 25 percent and its exports will be reduced probably one-third. China will grab what it can. It means that the Indian subcontinent of 740 million (including India, Bangladesh and Pakistan) will suffer.

That's only part of it. Food also depends on irrigation. In Asia two million irrigation wells are often pumped by small motors, chugging along, burning oil. The price of oil rises, irrigation costs more; food costs more; people who can't pay die.

In few places are food and population more delicately balanced than in India. Bernard Weinraub cabled in *The New*

York Times last week from New Delhi of a striking election upset by the Communist Party in the heart of Bombay that jolted Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's New Congress Party. Three years ago the Congress Party polled 216,000 votes; now it's 70,185. Among the reasons: the "unprecedented 20 percent rise in the price of food in the last 12 months." Of course democracy in India is a thousand times more worth saving for the US than the old government in South Vietnam for which we spent billions and 50,000 lives. But what will we do about it?

The sudden Arab oil boycott is something that has never, repeat never, occurred before in economics. It recalls Jay Gould's attempted "gold corner" in 1869. It affects the world and the United States in grotesque ways that we have yet to realize. The pedicab fare has doubled in Djakarta. And little Fulani may die of hunger in Bangalore.

"I want all African and Asian brothers here to know," Hubert Humphrey grimly told representatives of 45 nations in mid-November at an international food conference in Munich, West Germany, "that when the Arab nations boycott oil to the United States, all they are doing is signalling you that you will starve."

This is too strong; a lot of other factors are involved. But the fact remains that in any crunch the poor and helpless fare worse, and in the crisis now developing the earth may be pushed over into a famine forecast for years.

About a third of the world's 3.9 billion people go to bed hungry at night. World population increases two percent a year, about 80 million people. It will double at the present rate by the end of the century. That means double the food to feed them. And there are these ominous circumstances:

- For the first time America's arable land, the world's great bread basket reserve, is all in use.

- World grain reserves expressed in days' consumption stood at 95 days in 1961 and now is down to 37, smallest in history.

- Fertilizer supply is very short and the price is zooming.

- Something strange is happening to the world fish catch; some feel the very oceans are overfished; for the past 21 years the total world catch increased every year to 70 million metric tons in 1970; it has dropped in the past three years to 62 million.

Lester Brown comments, "With less fertilizer and two percent regular increase in population, this is the first year in which one can say positively, 'There will be a reduction of food production in Asia, regardless of the weather. Never before in my memory has it been possible to say that.'"

Countries are divided into two tiers, the northern tier with relatively low birth rate and adequate food supply: North America, Western and Eastern Europe, the Soviet Union and Japan, recently joined by Korea, Taiwan and Mainland China. The other tier are the hungry lands with relatively high birth rate—most of Africa, much of the Mideast, the Indian subcontinent and parts of Latin America. This is the crisis of the four Fs: food, fuel, fertilizer and fertility.

"This year there is no cushion any longer," Mr. Brown says, "things are very thin with a shortfall of fertilizer. With a drought somewhere, or unfavorable weather, there would be a scramble for food unlike anything we've ever seen. And in Washington a feeling that no one's in charge."

Most people can't believe that food supplies won't expand, just as they were sure cheap gas would continue. This may prove ultimately correct but in the meantime there could also be the greatest calamity in the history of mankind. The weather cycle is important. The US and Canada now control a larger share of the world's exportable grains than the Middle East does of oil, and the US provides 90 percent of the world soybean exports. Bad weather could reduce this. A cycle of droughts has hit North America roughly every 20 years since the Civil War when records were first made; the 1930s created the dust bowl and in the 1950s it appeared again. Even a mild return would be dangerous today.

"The issue that may well arise before this year is over," Lester Brown says, "is whether the more affluent nations will tighten their belts to fill what will be by far the largest food deficit in Asia that we've ever seen."

Tony Dechant, president of the Farmers Union, recently denounced the lassitude in Washington: "A world grain crop like that of 1972," he said, "would doom millions to starvation."

Fortunately prospects are for a bumper crop, but with high fertilizer prices it is not certain that the hungry lands can buy it.

Crowded Field

Whatever else they may be running out of, Californians have no shortage of Democrats who want to be elected governor this year. Ronald Reagan, Hollywood's gift to public service, is not running for reelection, and the Democrats are offering an assortment of alternatives including a godfather, a patrician, a mystic, an operator and a candidate (as in the film *The Candidate*). The godfather (not literally, for he has convincingly disproved charges of Mafia associations) is San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto, a fast-talking lawyer who gets things done for those who are loyal to him, which primarily means organized labor and real estate developers. The patrician is William Matson Roth, heir to a shipping fortune, who got tired of bankrolling other Democrats and decided it was his turn to be in the lights. The mystic is Congressman Jerome Waldie, who lacks staff and money but is walking the state (*à la* Lawton Chiles of Florida, Dan Walker of Illinois and Dick Clark of Iowa). Bob Moretti, the Speaker of the Assembly, is the operator. Smooth, combative, only 37, he has the number two job in the state but badly wants number one. And there is the candidate, Secretary of State Jerry Brown, youthful-looking son of former Governor Pat Brown, bright, handsome and surrounded by savvy advisers.

The early polls show Brown well in the lead, thanks to a well-known name. Alioto holds down the second spot and Waldie, Moretti and Roth pull up the rear. The laggards all say they will fight to the finish, which, if they do, will make this the most crowded gubernatorial contest in memory. All contend, or hope, that Brown will fade when it becomes more widely known that he's less lovable than his old man. This may be wishful thinking: Brown has greatly improved as a public speaker and campaigner and has a good record as Secretary of State.

Alioto has strong labor support, but he's still tainted by a kickback he gave the Washington state Attorney General in return for higher legal fees (he was charged with and acquitted of bribery) and by his failure, like Governor Reagan, to pay state income tax one year. Waldie is liked by environmentalists and voters eager to impeach Richard Nixon, but he's \$30,000 in debt, and unless he gets contributions quickly he won't have much of a media campaign. Roth has plenty of his own money, a liberal record as regent of the University of California and a faith that in this year of Watergate voters will turn to a nonpolitician, but he hasn't been in the public arena long enough to win the voter's trust. Also, like Reagan, Alioto and Nixon, he is a millionaire tax-avoider and will have a hard time gaining sympathy no matter how ardently he favors tax reform. In a less cluttered field and in another year, Moretti would run well: he has a reputation as a can-do Speaker, he has money from lobbyists, yet is critical of the oil industry and wants to close a few

tax loopholes, and he's respected by almost everyone in Sacramento. But a consummate and patently ambitious politician is probably not what people are looking for.

Alioto puts jobs before clean air and is a strong critic of the Environmental Protection Agency; alone among the Democrats he supports capital punishment for certain crimes. Waldie and Brown have urged creation of a state-owned energy corporation to compete with private oil companies. On almost every other issue there are no significant differences. All are for modest tax reforms, public financing of campaigns, child care, women's rights and the United Farm Workers. All except Alioto were early supporters of Edmund Muskie in 1972; Alioto backed Hubert Humphrey. Waldie appears to be the frontrunner for the endorsement of the liberal California Democratic Council, but other candidates may have enough strength to keep the CDC from endorsing anyone. The primary, which comes in June, does not have a run-off, so the candidate who leads the field wins. This allows each to believe that he'll pull slightly ahead of a spread-out pack. Right now, however, they all have the same problem: interesting a public that is thoroughly disenchanted with politics.

Call Out the Reserve

In theory the 3.5 million men and women of the reserve forces of the United States are important to the nation's military strength. In practice that strength has rarely been used. The national guard's principal role has become that of an auxiliary police force which is called out when there are disasters such as floods and earthquakes, or civil disturbances. The 1965 Watts riot set a "peacetime" record when 13,000 guardsmen were activated. Although the guard has often helped maintain order in the face of calamity, the killings at Kent State in 1970 raised questions—still to be answered—about its training and suitability as a police force.

The President can order to active duty up to one million of the 2.3 million men in the "ready reserve." In 1961, in response to the "Berlin crisis," President Kennedy called 150,000 reservists to the colors. The result was chaos. The House Armed Services Committee subsequently reported that "a significant portion of our present Army Ready Reserve Force is incapable of meeting the increased requirement for readiness." Moreover, Congress was deluged by angry reservists who did not believe Berlin justified the disruption of their daily lives. The lesson was not lost on Kennedy's successor, and when President Johnson decided to increase active duty forces in Vietnam, he chose the draft.

Because induction was tantamount to a ticket to Vietnam with the infantry, many draft-eligible young

men signed up for the reserve or national guard. President Nixon's Commission on an All-Volunteer Armed Force (1970) estimated that "perhaps 75 percent of the enlisted personnel fulfilling their initial six-year military service obligations in the reserves are there only because of the draft." Vietnam created a buyer's market for the reserve, and local units were highly selective. Although blacks accounted for 14.2 percent of the active duty force two years ago, they numbered only 5.4 percent in the reserve. Those scoring in category IV on the Armed Forces' Qualification Test (the lowest acceptable group) made up 17.5 percent of the active force but only 6.7 percent of the reserve. Put another way, the reserve was an escape route for bright whites.

With the draft no longer driving reluctant "volunteers" into the reserve, a reassessment of its role, size and composition is in order. A helpful step in that direction has been taken by Martin Binkin of the Brookings Institution in a recent staff paper, *US Reserve Forces: The Problem of the Weekend Warrior*. He suggests a number of changes which would reduce reserve forces by 300,000 and active duty troops by 60,000. He estimates the budgetary savings would be \$1.4 billion a year.

The idea of merging the national guard and reserve, notes Binkin, originated with the first postwar Secretary of Defense, James Forrestal. In 1964 former Defense Secretary Robert McNamara revived the idea, but Congress remained opposed. Consolidation would mean fewer units, smaller local payrolls and the closing of many armories and reserve buildings which now do double duty as town meeting places. The merger has also been fought by the National Guard and Reserve Officers' Association, a strong Washington lobby. With 108 members of Congress holding reserve commissions, it is assured an attentive hearing.

Binkin also suggests some reserve units be reduced to "cadres" of key personnel around which full-strength forces could be mobilized in a national emergency. Less costly reserve units might also be incorporated into active army divisions: a move which would not only save money but decrease the time and training necessary to mobilize these units. Unnecessary job categories might also be eliminated. For instance do we need to train 7000 reservists to govern occupied countries?

Because it costs one-fifth as much to maintain a reservist as an active-duty soldier, reserve forces are more economical. But what good are reservists if the government will not mobilize them for war? "The token mobilizations in 1968," said Binkin, "did little to alter the reservist stereotype of that era: impotent, under-equipped organizations manned by affluent, overqualified, draft-induced 'volunteers' who were seeking to avoid almost certain service in Vietnam." With the defense budget approaching \$100 billion (three-fifths of it for manpower), reorganization and reduction are urgent.

The Nixon Watch Last Try

A last effort to save the Nixon presidency took shape at the White House during the week of January 21. The associates, spokesmen and supporters who participated in the effort didn't call it a last try. But that is what it was and the President himself, with something he said to a group of Republican congressmen, made it clear that he understands that he and his presidency are finished if the effort fails. He authorized Representative Peter Frelinghuysen of New Jersey to quote the language he used in saying that he intends to resist the House Judiciary Committee's impeachment inquiry. Mr. Nixon said: "There is a time to be timid. There is a time to be conciliatory. There is a time, even, to fly and there is a time to fight. And I'm going to fight like hell."

In a curiously haphazard and slipshod way, the strategy for salvation was discussed and more or less decided upon while the President was in California, at his San Clemente home and at the Palm Springs estate of his wealthy friend, Ambassador Walter Annenberg, between December 26 and January 12. Most of the discussion that involved the President was with the two assistants upon whom he has been principally relying since last May, staff chief Alexander Haig and press secretary Ronald Ziegler. The problems and possibilities of survival came up with other assistants who flew from Washington to San Clemente for consultation. Among them were counsellor Bryce N. Harlow, who had intended to quit toward the end of January and was persuaded to stay awhile longer, and Roy Ash, who is both an assistant to the President and director of the Office of Management and Budget. They did most of their consulting with Haig. Harlow met once with the President during four days in San Clemente. Ash, there for a day, didn't see the President at all. Another assistant was struck by the relatively little time, much less than reporters were led to believe, that the President spent with Haig and Ziegler. Mr. Nixon spent a lot more time in seclusion at his home adjoining the Western White House office complex and was often with his Florida friend and benefactor, C. G. (Bebe) Rebozo.

The only tangible result of the talks in California, with and without the President, about how to survive was essentially negative. It was a decision to terminate the issuance of defensive and explanatory documents like the ones on the President's taxes and personal finances with two and only two more, the statements on the dairy industry's political contributions and the ITT antitrust settlement that were released January 9. It was decided *not* to publish the summaries of seven subpoenaed White House tapes that had been prepared and temporarily intended for release in late

December. No satisfactory explanation of the decision to withhold these summaries, including the only documented accounts of some of the President's conversations with his former counsel and most formidable accuser, John Dean, has been offered publicly or privately. This leads me to suppose that the Dean recordings do not support the President's claim of innocence and ignorance in the Watergate affair as strongly and believably as he and others say they do. An odd and possibly revealing circumstance accompanied the release of the dairy and ITT statements. Those responsible for the release, presumably including the President, were determined that the statements be published before Mr. Nixon returned to Washington. It was true, as explained, that he wanted to get away from the miserable weather that prevailed along the California coast during his stay at San Clemente. But the final four days that he spent in the desert sun at the Annenberg estate were added to the California visit so that the dairy and ITT papers could be issued, published and dissected by his critics while he was away from the White House. A small fact that a Nixon spokesman wanted published, for some obscure reason, was that on one of the days at Palm Springs the President and Bebe Rebozo played 27 holes of golf on Ambassador Annenberg's private course.

The nature of the revised strategy was clear enough from what happened and was said after the President returned to Washington. He would admit nothing more, explain nothing more. In person and through staff assistants and others speaking for him, he would try to discourage and frustrate the mounting calls for his resignation by insisting that he absolutely would not resign and that if necessary he would see the Watergate crisis right up to and through an impeachment trial in the Senate. He would counter the spreading assumption that he couldn't govern by governing in the busiest and most spectacular ways that he and his aides could think up. So much and more was plain for all to see in publicized meetings at the White House; Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's somewhat labored display of his initial successes in promoting Arab-Israeli negotiation; much activity and some early proposals to Congress on oil and other energy shortages; and unprecedented eagerness to reveal in advance details of the 1975 budget and of the President's State of the Union message.

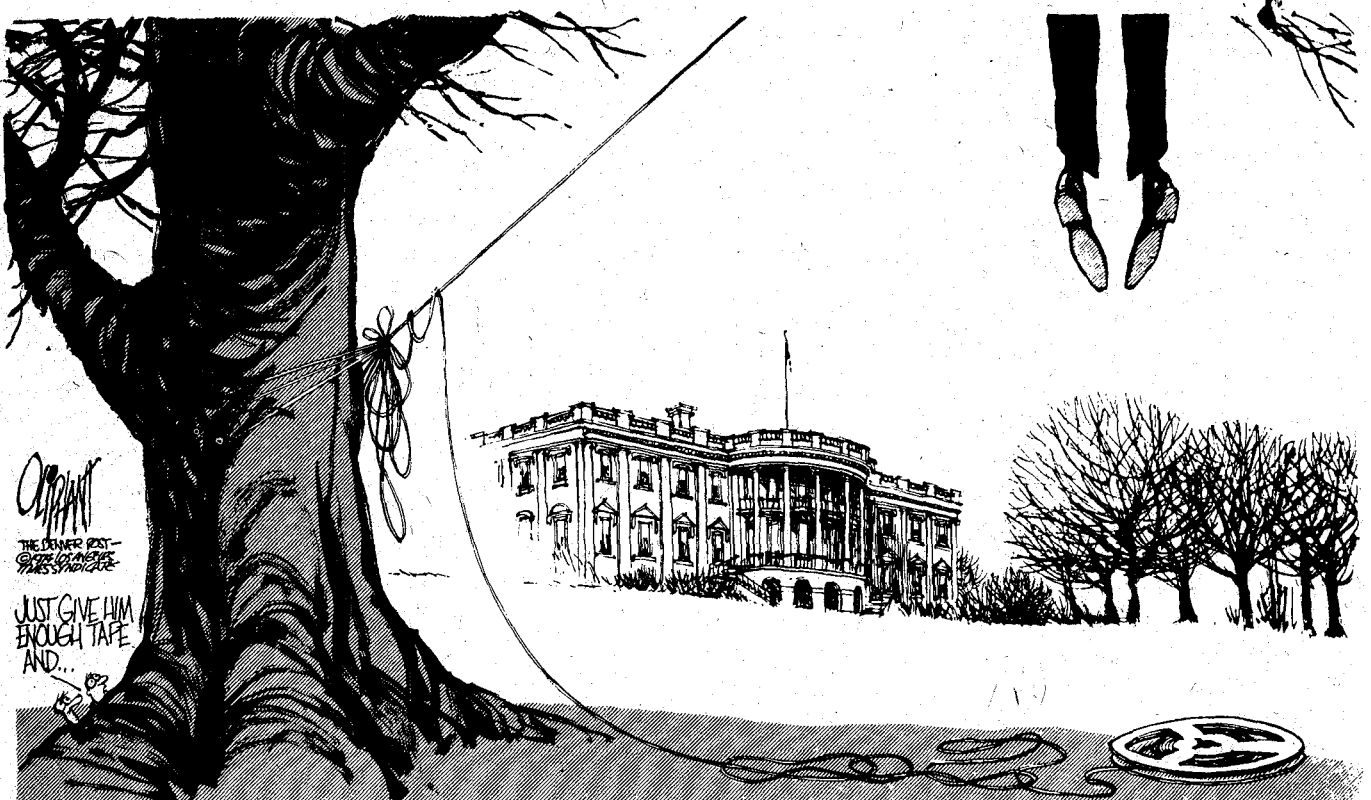
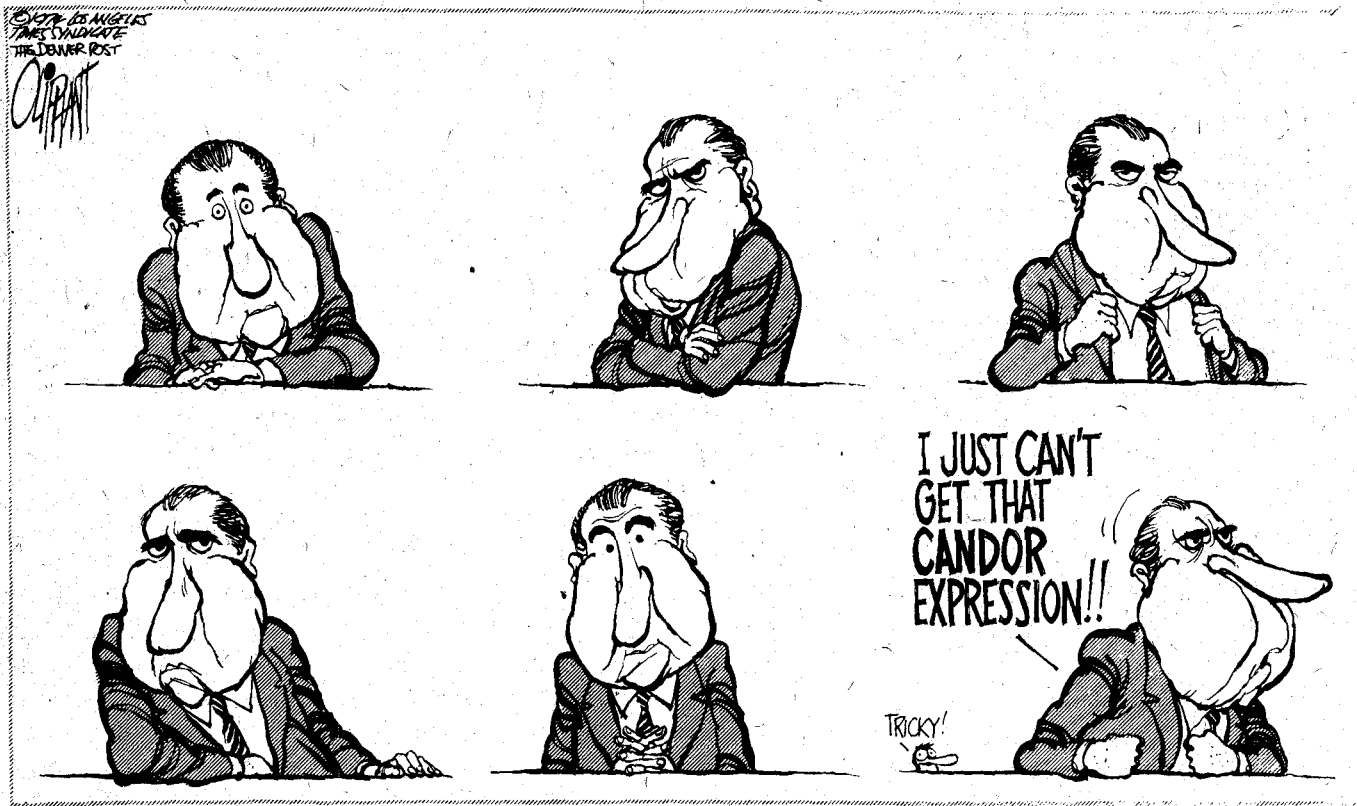
A good deal of insight into the motives and reasoning behind this spate of counteraction—more insight, probably, than was intended—emerged from an extraordinary briefing that Press Secretary Ziegler gave in the White House press room on January 22. It was extraordinary in several respects. Ziegler, who has been doubling as an assistant to the President since last June, had briefed the press very rarely since then and had last done so on November 29. The many evasions and the occasional, downright lies that he used

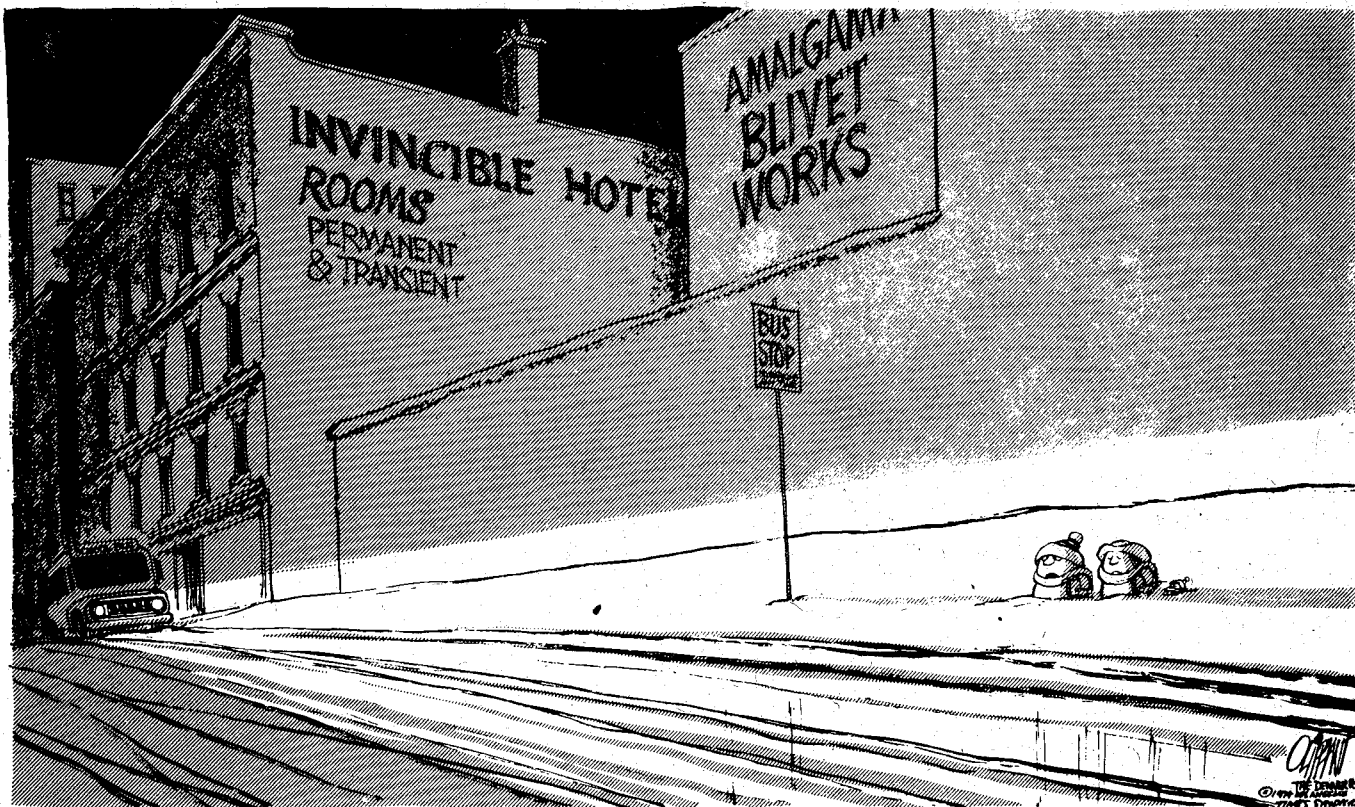
on the President's behalf in 1972 and 1973 to cover up the White House cover-up of the Watergate scandals had long since cost him the trust of White House reporters. Well along in the January 22 session, Ziegler remarked that "I will be having more regular briefings, I intend to give more briefings." In a tone of cold and brutal scorn, a reporter asked: "Do you think your credibility has been restored?" Let it be said for Ziegler, he didn't flinch. Evenly, with the air of one who believes what he's saying and knows that he isn't being believed, he answered: "I think that credibility is always a question which has to be determined by those who are listening. I do know this: that those who are speaking know within themselves that if they have proceeded in a way that they have always attempted on every occasion to provide information that they were able to get and which they knew to be the fact at the time, then a man can walk out and stand before members of the press and address issues and address what the office of the presidency is doing in very good conscience."

That's the way Ronald Ziegler talks and, more importantly, it reflects the way he and many others in the Nixon White House think. Here, condensed and put together from several answers to several questions but not distorted, is some more Ziegler talk on the 22nd. It bespeaks the fervor and weakness of the President's hope that he can forestall the ruin that either resignation or impeachment and removal would bring upon him. Ziegler speaking: "I don't intend or want to get into an intensive discussion of the entire Watergate matter today. I would like to talk about the business the President is working on and what the President is doing in terms of running the government . . . The President is determined to devote his time to matters relating to legislation and to the running of the government. That is what he is determined to do. He is determined not to become consumed for another year by the Watergate matter. He fully intends to complete his three years in office and is not entertaining at all the subject of resignation . . . I think the President feels we have had almost a year now of extensive investigations of the Watergate matter and it is time to wrap this matter up, conclude it . . . I am not surprised by the poll figures. If you look over the last year at the many charges that have been leveled against the President, there would have to be, as there has been, an effect on the polls and on public opinion. A lot of that has been the result of the constant, constant, constant charge, charge, charge against the President. Our view is the way to see those figures go up is to not constantly be devoted to proving the negative and constantly being on the defensive about charges that are leveled against us." And, after saying 1973 when he meant 1974: "Excuse me. 1973 has had quite an impact on me. I can't get it out of my mind."

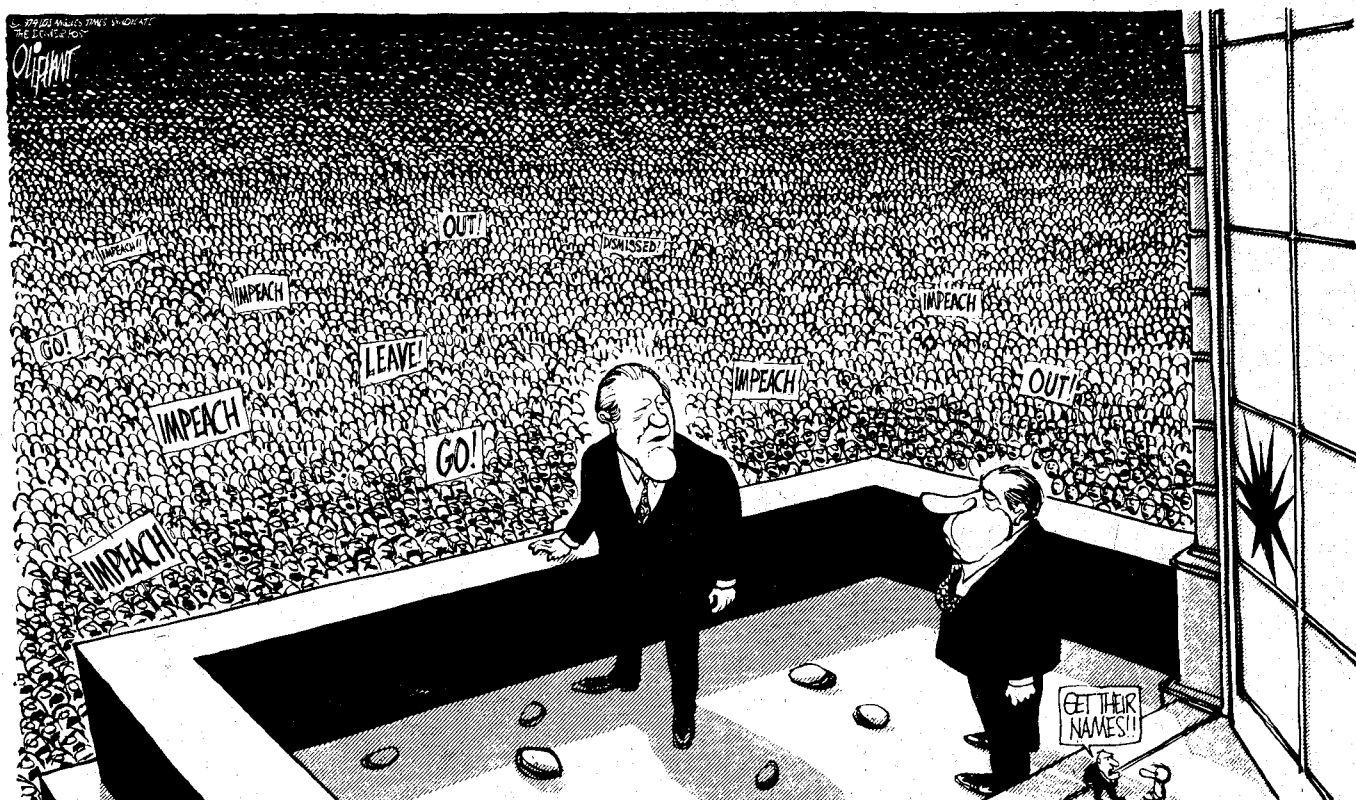
John Osborne

Oliphant . . . on the present troubles





"I'd impeach him for daylight saving alone."



"Just a small group of activists . . ."

A Fishy Merger, Why Was It Approved? The Steel Deal

by Dana L. Spitzer

From SST, Lockheed and the Penn Central, to ITT and the Russian wheat sales, the family familiarity of the Nixon administration with big business has been well publicized, and investigations to come promise to reveal even more of the intimacy. One case that has not received the attention it deserves, however, primarily because the Justice Department chooses to keep the facts secret, concerns an apparent White House cave-in to two of the country's leading steel producers, the National Steel Corporation of Pittsburgh and the Granite City (Ill.) Steel Co.

When these two firms announced their merger in August 1971, a few eyebrows were raised ("Steel merger bends the rules," headlined *Business Week*). It was the biggest merger in the steel industry since World War II, allowing National to become the nation's third largest steel producer. The size of the firms—National had ranked fourth and Granite City eleventh in the industry—and their direct competition with each other in the Midwest and South, raised a serious antitrust question: would the merger enhance the already monopolistic trend in an industry where the top four firms already had over 50 percent of the market?

Rep. Emanuel Celler, then chairman of the House subcommittee on monopoly, was among the congressional antitrust watchdogs who attacked the merger as an obvious violation of the Celler-Kefauver amendment to the Clayton Act, which intended to bar substantial competitors from merging. He demanded an explanation from Richard McLaren, the head of the antitrust division in the Justice Department. He got none, though McLaren replied in the most general of terms. Yes, there were antitrust implications. But after careful consideration and a review of the peculiar facts of the case, "plus all the surrounding circumstances," action against the merger was not warranted, he said, assuring Celler that the decision represented no change in policy.

What McLaren chose not to say was that he had prepared a strong case against the merger, that the antitrust division's analysis had rejected the arguments submitted by Granite City and National. According to lawyers and economists familiar with the matter, including some who worked on it, it wasn't

even a close case. The division's staff feared that the merger would establish a dangerous precedent. Nor did McLaren tell Celler that he had recommended to Attorney General John N. Mitchell that the government challenge the merger, but that Mitchell would not allow him to file the case.

Senator Philip A. Hart, chairman of the Senate subcommittee on antitrust and monopoly had also questioned the merger privately. But it was not until last March that Hart found an opportunity to verify the until-then unconfirmed reports of McLaren's recommendation.

The opportunity came at the Judiciary Committee's confirmation hearings on Richard G. Kleindienst to be Attorney General. Under questioning by Hart, McLaren, by then a US district judge in Chicago, conceded that the merger had violated antitrust guidelines established by the Justice Department. Granite City, he said, did not qualify as a "failing company," a consideration that might have easily justified the merger. "I took the position that we ought to go ahead and file the case . . . I recommended it to the Attorney General," Judge McLaren said. The Council of Economic Advisers had intervened, McLaren said, and "I was unable to persuade the Attorney General to my view."

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch has pieced together some of the lobbying efforts by National and Granite City executives prior to the merger, and has outlined the political ties these firms have had with the President. But the *Post-Dispatch* articles left one question unanswered: who was it or what was it that caused Mitchell, a municipal bonds lawyer with scant familiarity with antitrust law, to reject the recommendation by McLaren, one of the most respected antitrust experts in the country? On December 19, 1973 assistant White House press secretary Gerald Warren was asked whether the President had discussed the steel merger with Mitchell, and, if so, was it the President's decision that the merger be allowed? He did not answer the question.

We now know that after learning that McLaren was against the merger, executives of National and Granite City met with Mitchell, and after that meeting Mitchell is said to have received a "report" from the Council of Economic Advisers in favor of the merger. From whom, exactly, did Mitchell get that report? Hendrik S. Houthakker, the member of the council who is

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credited as the source of the pro-merger report, says he assumes Mitchell got it from Peter Flanigan, then the President's aide on business and financial affairs, including antitrust matters. Houthakker, an economics professor at Harvard, said that, "Technically, I suppose you can say the decision was the Attorney General's. But I always assumed it was made in the White House." Houthakker had talked with both Flanigan and McLaren about the merger, but he knew McLaren had rejected his views, so he took it for granted that Flanigan caused Mitchell to reject McLaren's recommendation. Flanigan says he cannot recall ever discussing the merger with Mitchell, however, or that it was ever a major concern of his. Besides, he says, Mitchell was a man who made up his own mind about such things—IIT notwithstanding.

Just as important as who gave Mitchell the CEA report, is the nature of the report itself. According to Houthakker, it was not an official document, reflecting an extensive analysis by the council of the pros and cons of the merger. It was simply Houthakker's oral communication with Flanigan and McLaren, during which he told them the merger might help the steel industry compete with foreign producers.

How had Houthakker come to favor the merger? He says his conclusion was based largely on an industry-sponsored analysis prepared by Jesse Markham, an economic consultant to National Steel. Markham's report was given to Houthakker by George Stinson, the president of National, and Nicholas Veeder, the chairman of Granite City. So far, that seems to have been the only basis for countering the antitrust division's decision to fight the merger.

So we're back to who knows and who helped whom? National Steel's ties to Nixon reach back to the Eisenhower administration, when George Humphrey, chairman of National, became Secretary of the Treasury. Humphrey played a major role in national Republican politics until his death a few years ago. His son, Gilbert Humphrey, continues the role through his position as chairman of National's executive committee, the most important policy committee in a corporation. He is also chairman and chief executive of the Hanna Mining Company of Cleveland. In addition to the Humphrey connection, Hanna is tied to National by other mutual directors and by its ownership of more than one million shares of National stock, one of the largest single blocks of stock in National. Then also, officers and major stockholders of National, Granite City and Hanna contributed more than \$100,000 to the President's 1972 campaign, which figure does not include contributions from officers in any of National's 11 subsidiaries, nor from officers of any of the half a dozen banks in Cleveland, Detroit, New York and Pittsburgh that have unusually close ties to National, including interlocking directorates and the control of large blocks of stock.

One of those banks, for example, is the Mellon National Bank of Pittsburgh, which has at least 6.6 percent of National's stock in its trust department, controlling what is believed to be the second largest block of National stock, an amount even larger than that owned by Hanna. At the time of the steel merger, three persons who sat on Mellon's board of directors also sat on Hanna's, and one Mellon director was a Granite City director. Howard Love, who became president of Granite City after the merger, is the son of Mellon director George Love. Nathan Pearson, who sits on the boards of both Hanna and Mellon, is an investment counselor to the Mellon family. Richard Mellon Scaife, the heir and man in charge of the Mellon fortune, secretly gave more than one million dollars to the President's reelection campaign, the second largest single donor. Publicly Scaife is associated only with the bank's interests and with Gulf Oil. But a million dollars can cover a lot of bets, and fund-raiser Maurice Stans was an expert at gauging a person's contribution according to *all* his interests. Was any part of Scaife's contribution (which was not a single donation but several smaller ones) related to his bank's interest in National and Hanna?

The possible influence of two lawyers with close connections to the President and other major Republicans also cannot be overlooked, though both deny any influence on the merger. One of these men is H. Chapman Rose, who has known Mr. Nixon since Rose was a deputy to the elder Humphrey at the Treasury Department. Rose surfaced recently as one of the lawyers working without fee who had helped the President prepare his report on personal finances. According to *The New York Times*, Rose has been a frequent troubleshooter for the President with the business community, working closely with Flanigan and former Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans. Rose's son, Jonathan, is on the White House staff as Flanigan's chief aide. When he is not helping the President, the elder Rose practices law in Cleveland, where he represents Gilbert Humphrey and the Hanna Mining Company.

The other lawyer is Robert Collier, senior partner in the Washington law firm of Collier, Shannon, Rill and Edwards, which represented Granite City Steel. Collier is a major Republican fund-raiser, for the

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sweeping proposals to
shake up the House

President as well as for Sen. Hugh Scott, the Senate minority leader, and for former minority leader of the House, Vice President Gerald Ford. Collier was rewarded for his fund-raising by being named a leader in the inaugural festivities of 1969 and 1973. He is described by one former member of the firm as "the guy who opens the doors for the firm." Collier and Mr. Nixon represented some of the same clients during Mr. Nixon's brief legal career in New York. One of the most prominent was John Shaheen, a New York financier and oil man whose business in New York was handled by Mr. Nixon; Collier handled it in Washington. Shaheen gave the President more than \$100,000 in 1972, reportedly at Collier's urging, and spread several thousand more around various congressional campaigns. According to a lawyer who has worked with him, Collier is a long way from being a Republican Clark Clifford, but he has more than once gained access to the White House for his firm's

clients. His close ties to Scott and Ford have been helpful.

It would not be unusual for a Washington lawyer-lobbyist to solicit help from the Hill in a case pending before an administrative agency, especially, as in this case, when one of the firms (National) was in the state of such an influential politician as Hugh Scott. But Collier insists he had nothing to do with the merger, that it was handled entirely by others in his firm. Scott has not answered questions put to him through his press aide about his role, if any, in the case.

The Justice Department continues to keep a lid of secrecy on the case, despite the Freedom of Information Act, which is intended to make such information public. A Deputy Assistant Attorney General in the division agreed that information on the case, with the exception of confidential corporate data, ought to be made public. But it has not been.

The Rose Mary Woods Mystery

Who Dunnit?

by Walter Pincus

When was Rose Mary Woods, President Nixon's trusted personal secretary for 22 years, telling the truth about her handling of the June 20, 1972 White House tape—the one that has 18.5 minutes of obliterated Watergate conversation? The answer could take us closer to finding out who erased the tape. Was she being candid on November 8, 1973, during her first, three-hour appearance at Judge John Sirica's inquiry into the background of two, supposedly unrecorded tapes that had been subpoenaed? At that time she declared that she had taken special precautions and had "used my head" to prevent any accidental or deliberate erasure on tapes she played and summarized at the President's request. She also volunteered that it had taken her some 29 hours to type the "gist" of "two or two and a half hours" of conversation "between the President and Ehrlichman, chiefly, and Haldeman, briefly." When she was read the subpoena description of the June 20 conversation, which included Haldeman's name, Miss Woods responded, "I believe that is exactly what I testified." On two other occasions during that first court appearance, she placed Haldeman along with the President and Ehrlichman in the meeting she had transcribed.

Thirteen days later, presidential lawyer J. Fred Buzhardt told Judge Sirica there was an erasure on that same June 20 tape, and that Miss Woods might be partially responsible for it. Mr. Buzhardt wanted the matter immediately turned over to a grand jury where any investigation would have been secret. Judge Sirica decided that the initial inquiry should be in open court, so the public could be assured the mystery was being thoroughly explored.

On November 26 Miss Woods was back in the courtroom, this time to be questioned about the gap on the tape. The story she told then and during the two additional days she was in the witness chair, differed significantly from her testimony 18 days before. She confessed to accidentally erasing four and one-half or five minutes on the June 20 tape, a radical departure from the earlier brusque response given when it was implied she could make any error in transcription. A good part of the prosecutors' and press' attention has been focused on this change, and on Miss Woods' difficult-to-believe story of answering the phone, pushing the record instead of the stop button and keeping the foot pedal depressed.

The more basic and dubious switch in Miss Woods'

testimony, however, concerned what was included in the June 20 subpoena and what she had typed. She now recalled that before she began her 29 hours' work on the first subpoenaed tape she had been phoned by presidential aide Alexander Haig. Haig told her, she said, that the subpoena only called for the conversation between the President and Ehrlichman. Where heretofore she always included Haldeman as present at the meeting and mentioned him in her typed summary, she now said she never typed any of the Haldeman conversation. It was while listening to make certain that the Ehrlichman meeting had been concluded, Miss Woods said, that she accidentally erased a portion of the Haldeman meeting, so of course she could not type it. She had been upset by her error and immediately told the President about it. Mr. Nixon, she reported, told her not to worry about the erasure because the Haldeman "portion of the tape had not been subpoenaed."

When asked why she never told the court or the prosecutors about the accidental erasure during her first appearance, Miss Woods replied this time that she had been told—she could not remember by whom—only to speak of subpoenaed conversations, and she had been told the Haldeman portion was not subpoenaed. That, of course, was directly contrary to her answer on November 8, when she included Haldeman within the subpoenaed material.

The report of the court-appointed technical experts demolished Miss Woods' "accident" as the cause of even four and one-half minutes worth of the buzz in the present 18.5-minute obliteration. The erased tape, they found, had been subjected to at least five specific erase-record efforts. The person who did the erasing had to rewind each segment, replay it back to a point prior to where he or she had ended before, and start the erase-record process again. That procedure required several hand operations on the Uher 5000 tape recorder and could not, the experts said, have been done by the foot pedal.

After the entire erase-record job was done, the 18.5-minute segment emitted a distinct buzzing which, after four and one-half minutes, dropped down a bit in tone. The experts said this drop was not caused by any particular operation of the tape recorder, such as pushing the stop button as Miss Woods said she did. The tone change probably came, the experts said, from things an amateur at tapes would not be aware of—"the noise on the power line, erratic functioning of the recorder and changes in the position of the operator's hand while running the recorder."

Taking the experts' report one step further, it would appear that Miss Woods' "accident" had to happen before the erasure now on the tape took place (and thus the "accident" was erased along with the conversation).

There is, of course, another explanation, and it is that Miss Woods' "accident" never took place but was

a story invented to explain the sounds that came from playing the erased tape. Such a story, one may theorize, was designed to confuse Judge Sirica, the prosecutors and the public. Miss Woods' confessing to an erasure of a portion of the 18.5-minute gap would give credibility to the claim that the whole erasure was just an accident.

There's a puzzling inconsistency in the story about when and where Miss Woods—very upset by what she had done—informed the President of the "accident." As she described it, the "accident" occurred between "one and two or one-thirty to two" the afternoon of October 1. After realizing what she had done (she had replayed a portion of the tape until a buzz began), she waited about five minutes because the President was with someone. She said she had a light on her desk to show her when he is busy and when he is alone. "I went into his office around 2:15," Miss Woods testified, into the Oval Office that connects directly with her office through a doorway.

The President's daily logs do show that Miss Woods met with him from 2:08 to 2:15. But the same logs punch two holes in her story. The logs show that when Miss Woods walked in, the President's personal physician, Maj. Gen. Walter Tkach, was with him and remained there during the first two minutes Miss Woods was present. So Miss Woods' light could not have shown the President was alone before she entered. Secondly, though Miss Woods specifically recalled seeing the President in his Oval Office, his logs show that at 2:15 he was in his EOB office, which is across a private street from the White House, into another building and up some stairs. Should we believe that Miss Woods, disturbed as she says she was, confused the two offices?

If the only confusion were over where and when she told the President about her erasure, it might be passed over. But when he appeared before Judge Sirica, the confident unflappable Alexander Haig added to the confusion. At first, under friendly questioning from White House attorney Leonard Garment, Haig recalled that he learned of Miss Woods' "accident" from the President "around midday" on October 1. During cross examination by the special prosecutor's attorney, Richard Ben Veniste, Haig changed his story. Again the President's logs became the key piece of evidence. They showed Haig did not meet with the President in the afternoon of October 1 until 2:45—some 30 minutes after Miss Woods supposedly reported on the erasure. "I don't believe it [the President's telling him the bad news] was then," Haig testified, referring to his afternoon meeting with the President. "It could have been but I think that is later than my recollection would suggest. It could have been earlier in the day where I met [with the President] from 8:50 am to 9:16 am."

Gen. Haig's memory was refreshed by the logs. They

showed that that afternoon he and Mr. Nixon went for a one hour and 35 minute ride around Washington. Said Haig: "I know he didn't tell me about it [Miss Woods' accident] on the ride. I would assume that it probably occurred during the morning—that morning."

The Uher tape recorder that the technical experts found "probably" caused the erasure was purchased about midday October 1 and not delivered to Miss Woods until some time between 1:15 pm and 1:30 pm. Thus the "accident" as described by Miss Woods as having occurred on that machine could not have happened in the morning as Gen. Haig told the court. In fact Haig's first statement about learning "around midday," meaning noontime, was also contrary to Miss Woods' story.

In addition to the confusion over timing of the "accident," there is also conflicting testimony over when the subpoenaed June 20 tape was interpreted so as to drop from it the Haldeman conversation with the President. In his memorandum to the court of November 26, White House lawyer Buzhardt noted he had been asked about the subpoena on September 28, 1973, the day before Miss Woods went to Camp David to begin typing the tapes. According to the memo Buzhardt responded saying "the conversation at the meeting [of Nixon] with Ehrlichman was what was involved and that the Special Prosecutor must have been mistaken in assuming Haldeman also was in the meeting." According to presidential assistant Steve Bull, who prepared the tapes for Miss Woods to type, it was on September 29, the next day, that a question first arose about that conversation. Bull had already located the last part of the taped Ehrlichman conversation when he talked to Gen. Haig that morning and asked whether to have the Haldeman part typed. In Bull's story Haig said he would check with Buzhardt and report back.

According to both Gen. Haig and Miss Woods, Haig's return call went to her, not Bull, and she made a note *not* to type the Haldeman conversation. That story would hold up except for Miss Woods' November 8 appearance in court. If she had been so directed by Gen. Haig on September 29, and if after her October 1 "accident" she had been reassured by the President that the Haldeman conversation was not subpoenaed, why did she on three separate occasions in her November 8 testimony include Haldeman as being present at the meeting, participating in the conversations she typed, albeit "briefly." She said that this had been called for in the subpoena, which had been read to her.

One conclusion that can be drawn is that she was not told prior to her first court testimony that a claim was going to be made that Haldeman's conversation with the President was not subpoenaed. Supporting that conclusion is Mr. Bull's testimony that preceded Miss Woods'. Bull, too, made no mention of Halde-

man's being excluded from the subpoenaed June 20 conversation. He only recalled that omission *after* the inquiry on the 18.5-minute gap had begun.

My analysis leads me to believe that no "accident" took place October 1 and there was no thought of cutting out the Haldeman conversation from the June 20 subpoena request until after Miss Woods' November 8 testimony. If that is so, what did happen? Why was the tape erased? The only clue we have to what was on the tape comes from Haldeman's notes of the meeting in question. In an obvious reference to the Watergate publicity—this was three days after the arrest of five men inside Democratic Party headquarters—Haldeman wrote: "What is our counter-attack? PR offensive to top this . . . hit the opposition w/their activities . . . [point] out libertarians have created public callous . . . do they justify this less than stealing Pentagon papers, Anderson file, etc . . . *we should be on the attack—for diversion—*"

There is no suggestion here that the investigation should be encouraged. The emphasis is on diverting the public. But why should the public be diverted if the President and his chief aide had no knowledge that the men behind the break-in and bugging were employed by his own reelection organization?

The conclusion, it seems to me, is that the erased portions of the June 20 tape flesh out the Haldeman notes and probably include some details of Watergate. Earlier that morning of June 20 Haldeman and Ehrlichman had met for more than an hour with former Attorney General John Mitchell and White House counsel John Dean. By that time Mitchell and Dean both knew that Jeb Magruder, Mitchell's assistant, was implicated, as were former White House aides G. Gordon Liddy and E. Howard Hunt. They also knew Democratic headquarters had been bugged during an earlier break-in. The basic purpose of the original June 20 subpoena was to find out how much of this information was passed on to the President. The erasure suggests that some of it was.

Who knew what was on the tape? The President and Haldeman, since it included their conversation. It is possible Ehrlichman was still in the office, so he may have known. Then there is Miss Woods. She initially testified she heard Haldeman "briefly" on the tape. According to the Buzhardt memo the erased Watergate conversation occurred about three minutes and 40 seconds after the start of the President's opening conversation with Haldeman. Miss Woods said she listened to that section to make certain the Ehrlichman portion had ended. Mr. Bull, however, said he had already marked the end of the Ehrlichman portion, that he had done it the morning of September 29. Perhaps, then, Miss Woods listened to Haldeman thinking she had to type it and heard the frank Watergate discussion, and it was *that* information that she hastily brought to the President on October 1. And perhaps he then decided, or someone suggested, that a claim

be made that the subpoena did not call for the Haldeman conversation, because of an ambiguity in the subpoena language. No such claim was made, however, until on November 14 the damaging conversation had to be produced.

It is possible that the erasure was done in two parts, one portion being wiped out using the Sony machine on or before October 1. When it became apparent the courts were going to require production of the tape, the Uher was used to erase the entire Watergate conversation. That had to have been done prior to November 12, when at Bull's request, the record button of the Uher was made inoperable.

Since Miss Woods' November 8 testimony was presented with such disdain for the skeptics, I'm inclined to think she was telling the truth and did not know of any erasures. The fact that she later had to contradict much of what she said suggests to me that she was not in on the original tape cover-up — not as of November 8. Shortly thereafter, however, she developed the "accident" story, but in so doing she had no intention of

taking the blame for the entire 18.5-minute gap. When on November 21, and in his November 26 memo, White House counsel Buzhardt implied to Judge Sirica that Miss Woods might have caused the entire erasure, her lawyer Charles Rhyne started shooting at Buzhardt.

Buzhardt himself could have done the erasure — he had access to both the tapes and the Uher. But he is a doubtful suspect primarily because it was his decision to search out the Haldeman notes — a step which confirmed that the erasure was no accident and that what was destroyed dealt solely with Watergate.

That leaves, among those known to have had access to both tapes and recorder, the President and his assistant, Mr. Bull. Press Secretary Gerald Warren has said flatly the President did not do it, but that does not rule out his providing both the tape and the Uher to a third party. With the circle of suspects drawn that small Mr. Nixon must know or could find out who did it.

Meanwhile, one place for the grand jury to start its inquiry is with Miss Woods. I would ask her, "Who suggested you change your November 8 testimony?"

New Light on an Old Coup

Lost Chance in Vietnam

by Stanley Karnow

Back in the early 1960s, conventional wisdom held that the authoritarian, incompetent and corrupt Saigon regime then headed by Ngo Dinh Diem and his brother Nhu ought to be replaced by a government more responsive to its people and better able to wage the war against the Vietcong. Thus US public opinion seemed to be gratified when a cabal of South Vietnamese generals, acting with the encouragement of the Kennedy administration, toppled Diem and Nhu in a coup d'état on November 1, 1963. But fresh evidence indicates that the two Vietnamese leaders were at that time in secret contact with Hanoi, and that those contacts might have led to a compromise between North and South Vietnam. Such a settlement, had it been reached, would have certainly forced US disengagement and precluded the tragic, wholesale commitment that later followed. The notion of withdrawal, however, was then anathema to Washington policymakers, the majority of whom believed that, as one of the documents in the Pentagon Papers puts it, "an independent

non-Communist South Vietnam was too important a strategic interest to abandon." In retrospect the Kennedy administration appears to have supported the ouster of Diem because it feared, in part at least, that a deal between Saigon and Hanoi would undermine our position in Southeast Asia. The current assertions of former American officials that they would have welcomed such a deal as a chance to get off the hook in Vietnam now ring hollow. Rather it was hoped that Diem's overthrow would facilitate prosecution of the war. By helping to bring about his downfall, the US became more deeply involved in Vietnam.

Diem, a Catholic mandarin, was relying for advice almost exclusively on his brother Nhu, a strange, conspiratorial figure, and their autocratic rule so antagonized segments of the country's urban population that in May 1963, an incident in the central Vietnam city of Huế exploded into a revolt by Buddhist militants. The dissidence spread into the upper echelons of the army, inspiring several different military factions to begin

plotting coups. The US, worried that the struggle against the Vietcong would falter, sought to persuade Diem to get rid of Nhu and to conciliate the Buddhists, and the American pressure escalated after the arrival in Saigon in August of the new American ambassador, Henry Cabot Lodge, himself something of a mandarin. Nhu, now virtually in charge of the government, counterattacked. He directed his loyal police and special forces to step up their assaults against the Buddhists and other opponents of the regime. He initiated a strident propaganda campaign against the US. And, more quietly, he began to explore the possibility of a rapprochement with North Vietnam. He had two motives. On the one hand he was trying, in his characteristically devious style, to blackmail the US into retreating from its efforts to reform the Ngo family oligarchy. At the same time he was seeking a plausible alternative to South Vietnam's increasing dependence on the US. Sources familiar with the North Vietnamese have told me that Hanoi, whose primary objective at that stage was to get the Americans out of Vietnam, replied to Saigon's feelers in the expectation that they might evolve into serious negotiations.

Both Diem and Nhu had intermittently attempted over the years to schedule clandestine meetings between representatives of the North and South in a neutral capital. An early attempt was made as far back as 1955, when former Burmese Prime Minister U Nu offered to help Diem set up talks with a North Vietnamese official in Rangoon. That came to nothing, nor did somewhat more substantive contacts in New Delhi a few years afterward. But by 1963, as domestic turmoil inside South Vietnam spiraled, Nhu's maneuvers became more direct. On one occasion during the early summer of that year, according to a former Communist informant, he asked Hanoi to infiltrate two North Vietnamese officers into the South for conversations. The officers, whose movements were communicated by Hanoi to Saigon in advance, were "captured" by prearrangement and "interrogated" by Nhu's agents as if they had been taken prisoner on the battlefield. The two officers then "escaped" back to Hanoi with a record of the discussions. Meanwhile Diem, too, was playing this game, evidently without Nhu's knowledge. In October 1963 he recalled Tran Van Dinh, a young diplomat then serving in Washington, and instructed him to proceed to New Delhi to meet a North Vietnamese official on November 15. Dinh recalls that Diem ordered him not to inform Nhu of the encounter. The coup intervened to prevent the meeting. Dinh learned two years later that the man he would have seen was Le Duc Tho, the Hanoi diplomat with whom Henry Kissinger negotiated the Paris agreement.

Diem and Nhu were also communicating with North Vietnam through European intermediaries. Paris was seething with Vietnamese political activists, and De Gaulle, a fervent advocate of neutralization for Indo-

china, was delighted to lend his good offices to the quest for a bargain between Hanoi and Saigon. The key South Vietnamese operative was Buu Hoi, a talented scientist who theoretically represented Saigon as envoy to a number of African countries but spent most of his time in Paris. Buu Hoi had functioned as an adviser to Ho Chi Minh when the North Vietnamese leader attended an abortive conference with the French at Fontainebleau in 1946 and had remained on good terms with Hanoi. As a longtime resident of Paris he was also close to the French government, and he apparently had a hand in persuading De Gaulle, if indeed such counsel was necessary, to instruct his ambassador in Saigon, Roger Lalouette, to promote the concept of a neutral South Vietnam with Diem and particularly Nhu. Lalouette, who did not camouflage his hostility to US policy, saw the brothers often. He managed to open a fresh channel between Saigon and Hanoi by introducing Nhu to Mieczylaw Maneli, chief of the Polish delegation to the International Control Commission, the moribund body created by the Geneva Conference to observe violations of the peace. The Indian, Canadian and Polish members of the commission could travel freely between South and North, and Maneli, as representative of a Communist state, had easy access to the Hanoi hierarchy. A former law professor and sometime diplomat, Maneli left Poland during the 1968 purge of liberals and now lives in New York, where I interviewed him a couple of weeks ago.

As he tells it, the North Vietnamese could not have full confidence in him because they knew that, as a Pole, he was required to report fully to the Russians, with whom their relations were testy at the time. Consequently, he recalls, they primarily used him as an additional link to reinforce the dialogue they were having with Saigon through other contacts. Maneli's instructions from his own government were to put himself at the disposal of the North Vietnamese. He therefore stopped in Hanoi en route to his Saigon assignment in early 1963 to ask Ho Chi Minh and the other North Vietnamese leaders for guidance. Their orders were clear. They perceived the tensions then building up between the Saigon regime and the US; they said that everything possible should be done to separate the allies. Or as Maneli recollects their words: "The only real enemies are the Americans. Let's get rid of the Americans, and we can cope with Diem and Nhu later."

Soon after reaching Saigon, Maneli was approached by Lalouette and three or four other ambassadors, among them the Italian envoy Giovanni D'Orlandi and the Papal Nuncio Salvatore D'Asta, all of whom urged him to contribute to establishing a relationship between North and South. According to Maneli, these diplomats contended that an accommodation would serve to avert a larger war in Southeast Asia that would eventually weaken American ties with Europe. Lalouette, who apparently dreamed of reviving France's

sway in Indochina, proposed that Hanoi and Saigon begin with economic and cultural exchanges. Lalouette further indicated, Maneli says, that this idea had Nhu's approval and suggested that it would be useful to sound out the North Vietnamese. Maneli thereupon returned to Hanoi to present the Lalouette plan. Premier Pham Van Dong and Xuan Thuy, then foreign minister, reminded him that they had floated such a recommendation years before and were still prepared to put it into effect. They would barter coal and industrial goods in exchange for rice from the South, they said, and they also proposed that Hanoi and Saigon exchange Vietnamese translations of Western technical books. When Maneli asked them whether some sort of federation or coalition government with Diem was possible Pham Van Dong replied that everything was negotiable after the Americans were out. "We can come to an agreement with any Vietnamese," he said.

Shuttling back to Saigon, Maneli handed accounts of his Hanoi talks to his diplomatic colleagues. He also discussed the subject with US Ambassador Frederick Nolting, Lodge's predecessor, who "seemed to be thinking about other things and didn't pay much attention." Maneli remembers that Lalouette passed on the details of his conversation in North Vietnam to Diem and Nhu and reported back that they were "interested" yet hesitant to make a move that would aggravate their relations with the US. By late August, however, with the regime's American ties fraying badly, Nhu agreed to a meeting with Maneli. It was carefully choreographed by Lalouette and other members of the diplomatic corps. They arranged a casual encounter between Maneli and Nhu at a reception, then left them alone. After a series of platitudes, Nhu invited Maneli to see him in private a week later. That session, which took place in Nhu's cluttered palace office on the morning of September 2, lasted two hours. Nhu chain-smoked and delivered a typical monologue that ranged from explanations of his obscure Personalist ideology to almost hysterical ravings against the Saigon bourgeoisie. In the midst of this logorrhea, however, Nhu expressed interest in a reconciliation with Hanoi and emphasized that Maneli should meet him again soon. Maneli also detected bitter feelings against the US, an attitude that was confirmed the same morning in a front-page, four-column article in the English-language *Times of Vietnam*, which Nhu controlled, denouncing the Central Intelligence Agency for collaborating with the Vietcong in a plot to overthrow the Diem regime. The fact that Nhu later leaked the story of his session with Maneli to columnist Joseph Alsop lends weight to the thesis that he was trying to blackmail the US. Maneli believes, however, that Nhu was playing a double game, probably out of desperation. He was striving to counter American pressure by making overtures to Hanoi, but he undoubtedly realized that any understanding he reached with North Vietnam would not assure his survival.

Back in Hanoi three weeks later, Maneli learned that the North Vietnamese had read his report on the meeting with Nhu and cross-examined him further. They asked him to see Nhu again on his return to Saigon and to repeat to him that "our main enemy is imperialism and the Americans." The North Vietnamese were aware that the coup against Diem was not far off, and they told Maneli to inform him that he could count on their support if he mobilized his forces against the US. Maneli returned to Saigon too late to see either Diem or Nhu alive. Speaking with an Indian diplomat not long after the coup, Ho Chi Minh said: "Diem was perhaps a patriot in his fashion."

Former Kennedy administration officials today flatly deny that Nhu's contacts with Hanoi were a factor in the coup against the Diem regime. They assert that they would have welcomed a deal between Saigon and Hanoi as an excuse to pull out of Vietnam. Roger Hilsman, who was then Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, now takes that line. Yet on August 30, 1963, in an 11-point top secret memorandum to Secretary of State Dean Rusk entitled "Possible Diem-Nhu Moves and US Responses," Hilsman suggested that Washington should "encourage the generals to move promptly with the coup" if the Saigon regime showed signs of negotiating with Hanoi. In the event that Hanoi sent troops into the South to help Diem against his military foes, Hilsman wrote, the US should let North Vietnam "know unequivocally that we will hit [it] with all that is necessary to force it to desist."

The fear of an accommodation persisted even after Diem was gone and the military junta headed by Duong Van Minh ran South Vietnam. On January 20, 1964 the US Embassy in Saigon was informed that two generals in the junta, Tran Van Don and Ton That Dinh, favored the neutralization of South Vietnam as proposed by De Gaulle. On the basis of that rumor Lodge issued a public statement affirming that the US "firmly rejects the spurious idea of 'neutralizing' South Vietnam since 'neutralization' would simply be another means of Communist takeover." A week later, on January 28, General Nguyen Khanh, commander in the northernmost provinces of the country, instructed his American adviser to tell the US embassy that Tran Van Don and other officers were planning a coup in order to make South Vietnam neutral. Although Khanh's allegations were later discounted, the CIA station in Saigon at the time had other proof to support the allegations. So Lodge went along when, a couple of days afterward, Khanh staged a coup in order to preempt the supposed neutralist bid. As evidence against the ousted generals, Lodge pointed out that they had served in the French army, but he overlooked the fact that Khanh, the new hero, had as well. Thus the danger of even an illusory neutralization of South Vietnam was again averted, and Lyndon Johnson went on to escalate the war.

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Past Perfect, Future Conditional

The Sting (Universal). About an hour into *The Sting* I began to understand it. Not the plot, which is clear enough, but the *raison d'être*. This Paul Newman-Robert Redford vehicle is set in the '30s, and I couldn't really understand why. Unlike (say) *Bonnie and Clyde*, the story isn't tied to the period. Why do it that way? Then Newman and Redford appeared in dinner jackets—sorry, tuxedos: with those '30s lapels that would impale you if you fell on them and those ready-made bow ties with the ring and hook clearly visible in the black elastic. When I saw the ring and hook, it clicked. I had seen exactly the same bow ties on TV a few nights before, in some film made in the '30s. Audiences, I guess, aren't as nostalgic for the decade itself—most of them are too young to have known it—as they are for films of the decade. This isn't a film about the '30s as much as it's an attempt to make a '30s film. It's the Antiques Made to Order business.

So were *Paper Moon* and *What's Up, Doc?*, both hits. And *The Sting* seems to be a hit. Recurrently, to the point of galloping tedium, articles appear telling us how American films have lost the Golden Glow of the high Hollywood days; how the writer grew up in love with Gary Cooper or Myrna Loy, and how pictures may now be more mature and more serious and candid, but what happened to all the fun? When these articles don't make me yawn, they make me laugh. First, there's the implication that our film world is just bursting with maturity; second, there's the curious belief that "they don't make them like that any more." The biggest hit last year, says *Variety*, was *The Poseidon Adventure*—\$40 million in domestic rentals alone for venerable corn. When the Hollywood-regret articles go on long enough, I stop yawning and get sick. If there's anything worse than bad "serious" pictures it's condescension by people who feel they can save their brains and taste for something other

than films.

The Sting probably won't make those people happy enough because it lacks romance in two senses. Girls play almost no part in the story, and myth-making glamor—star as Star—doesn't figure much, either. Everyone has compared the picture with *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, with the same leads and the same director, George Roy Hill; but I would bet that the people involved also saw *Borsalino* (1970), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Alain Delon, directed by Jacques Deray, an engaging French attempt to manufacture a Hollywood crook picture of the '30s. Those pictures were probably more what the buffs like; still *The Sting* may carry them back to the Bijou balcony again.

It's about two Chicago con men who take a big Irish racket boss from New York for a big bundle. There's a moral base—they are exacting revenge for a murder—but the bulk of the picture is con. The original script by David S. Ward has pretty good dialogue, but besides the fact that some of the surprises are phony, the weight is thrown largely on the mechanics of the complicated swindle that the two men set up to fool the wily racketeer. So much time is given to these details that the characters of the three leading men are thin, with occasional obvious spoonfuls of "depth" ladled over. There's a lot of bonhomie, on the movie principle that criminals who don't hurt or kill are Good Guys (as in the recent pickpocket opus, *Harry in Your Pocket*). It's more than two hours long, but if you can edit out about 20 minutes in your mind as you watch, it's passably entertaining.

Three fine actors are wasted. Newman and Redford have, as actors, virtually nothing to do, although they are on screen a lot. Robert Shaw, the racketeer, hulks well, but tries too hard to find the center of a role that has none. Hill, the director, is mildly competent but has no style or flavor. (And is overly addicted to cute '30s tricks like iris-outs and "wipes" and to following feet or elevators as a way of bringing us into places.) Robert Surtees, the vastly experienced cinematographer, gets more out of the pictures than the director knows how to use; and Henry Bumstead, the art director, has given Surtees some good stuff to work with.

Sleeper (United Artists). Woody Allen is still a funny writer, has improved slightly as a performer, but is, if anything, worse as a director. And I mean if anything: the direction here is almost

nothing—a series of discrete sketches, each one poorly handled, and all clumsily assembled. It's shoddily edited, but I'm sure it was an editor's nightmare. Allen simply didn't shoot the stuff that was needed.

He plays a Greenwich Village health food shopkeeper who is "frozen" in a hospital and wakes up 200 years later. There are some good laugh lines: when Allen is asked whether he believes in God, he says: "I think there's an intelligence governing the universe, except for certain portions of New Jersey." And there is some good usage of the time difference, for comment on the present and on the future as contrast with us.

Allen is getting a trifle more skillful in his one-note shnook performance; but to compare him (as has been done) with Harold Lloyd is really to be overly persuaded by eyeglasses. Lloyd had very considerable gifts, and his persona had considerable range. Anyway, the big trouble is that Allen is also a shnook as a director; and too many shnooks spoil this broth.

The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman (CBS). This is a two-hour film made for television and will be broadcast by CBS on Thursday evening, January 31. The title is also that of a novel by Ernest Gaines; the teleplay is by Tracy Keenan Wynn. It stars Cicely Tyson (the mother in *Sounder*) as a black woman of 110—the "present" time is 1962—and as a reporter interviews her, we flash back over her life from slave days during the Civil War to the present. Her chronicle serves as a sketch of the black struggle

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

American Graffiti. Cinematic insight transforms banal material—small-town adolescents in the '60s—into a pleasant memorial.

Bang the Drum Slowly. Nicely directed story of two big-league ball players. More for sentiment fans than sports fans.

A King in New York. Chaplin's last appearance (1957), never shown here before. Faulty but essential.

The New Land. If you have/have not seen *The Emigrants*, don't miss the second half of this Swedish-American epic. Truly large.

Ah, Paranoia!

The Obsession by Meyer Levin

(Simon & Schuster; \$8.95)

"In the middle of life"—the first words of Meyer Levin's arresting confessional—may or may not be borrowed from the opening line of *The Divine Comedy*. As the sentence goes on, its Dante-like phrasing disappears, yet the metaphorical sweep of the words that describe the author's sufferings suggest the infernal if not the purgatorial: "I fell into a trouble that was to grip, haunt, occupy, and all but devour me, these twenty years."

The obsession first took him over after his stint as a correspondent in World War II, before which he was a fairly successful author of novels. Following the collapse of the Nazis, he investigated and wrote about their murdering of so many of his fellow Jews, and when he read the French translation of Anne Frank's *Diary* he felt at once how powerful it was, "the voice from the mass grave." He became a friend of Anne Frank's father, the only member of the *Diary's* "secret-annex" group who had survived the incineration camps.

After numerous rejections, the *Diary* appeared in America (hailed by Meyer Levin on the front page of *The New York Times Book Review*), where it became a best seller in 1952. Meanwhile, with Otto Frank's consent, Levin wrote a play based on the *Diary*, but when he attempted to get it into the theater he ran into what seemed to him brutal obstructions imposed by playwrights, producers, directors and agents. Another version was prepared and staged, with Otto Frank's approval. Levin, soon to acquire a Dickensian mistrust of lawyers, brought the matter into court, and after battling against all the organized trickery won a dubious victory. Levin's story at this point becomes complicated by his parallel difficulties over the dramatization of his best-selling novel about the Leopold and Loeb case, *Compulsion*. By this time he hated law suits, though when he was dragged into more of them he seemed to be, in his own rueful phrase, "litigious Levin."

If his account of all this is more journalistic than eloquent, it nevertheless

projects an intensity and is full of lively scenes and characters. But the reliability of the author must of course be the supreme consideration in any comments on *The Obsession*. He defuses at least some of the potential criticism when he admits that he has had extensive psychiatric treatment (from four analysts), and that he made an unsuccessful attempt to get rid of his Anne Frank tensions by writing a novel about them 10 years ago, *The Fanatic*. He demonstrates on the first page of the present book how thoroughly he realizes his position: Do all these miseries come from within or from "some secret force working on me so that no matter what I did through the normal ways of society I could not prevail?—Ah, paranoia! . . . Witches! Demons! The conspiratorial view of history!" These self-catechisms occur throughout as he sardonically asks himself whether his "instances" of evidence are "delusions of persecution," or whether he may not be a victim of "repressed homosexuality": "Again I let them ream me up my ass!"

Despite his awareness of possible interpretations, he keeps going on with what can only be described as candor. Among much else he tells of the baleful effect his obsession has had upon his marriage; at one point his wife (the novelist Tereska Torres) demanded that he choose between her and Anne Frank. But he doesn't load his text with self-pity, and when he expresses outrage he doesn't drench his opponents with malice. Because he is drastically and comprehensively factual, his reporting of events is credible, and certainly he wouldn't make use of so many famous names if he couldn't back up what he says about them. He is not always convincing, however, when he blames "Stalinists," anti-Zionists, exponents of a kind of inverse McCarthyism, and a "critical cabal" for his difficulties. Coincidence may have butted in from time to time: there is the further point that the man with even the most justifiable grievance seems to be on the

attack, and many men and women not directly involved may pick up a Levin-is-annoying attitude because notions of that kind are so acutely contagious.

Levin's main point—in and out of what he regards as a series of betrayals, misconceptions, blacklistings, evasions and blockades—is that his dramatization of the Anne Frank story is better than the one that appeared with such emphatic success on Broadway and in a Hollywood film. He provides some staunch testimonials, again giving names, as to the greater effectiveness of his own version and notes how successful it has been in various productions. These performances (illegal! illegal!) have usually been knocked in the head by lawyers' threats, which have even invaded Israeli kibbutzim.

The earliest disapproval of Levin's dramatization, blotting out its chances with New York producers, was Lillian Hellman's pronouncement that novelists can't write plays. Levin further points out that his version of the *Diary* is considered (often by Jews) to be "too Jewish." He in turn objects to the muffling of the Jewish voice in the Broadway adaptation and quotes a statement Anne Frank makes in it, to the effect that the Jews are not the only people who have suffered, and so on; he then cites what the girl actually wrote in her journal at that point: "We can never be just Netherlanders, or just English, or just . . . representatives of any country for that matter, we will always remain Jews, but we want to, too."

Well, the opening phrase of *The Obsession* may or may not invoke *The Divine Comedy*, but the last sentence may give another hint of Dante, who ended his *Paradise* with a vision of cosmic light. Meyer Levin, after a disappointing visit to the Anne Frank house on Amsterdam's Prinsengracht, notes that "in the Jewish conception the era of justice is not to be brought about by lies, suppression, or even power. Our Messianic belief is a belief in universal illumination."

It will be interesting to see what happens to this book, which so often casts a raw glare on prominent men and women. Perhaps it will help its author to shed his obsession. And even if it doesn't have Dantean stature, this polemic, however much or little it may persuade its readers, is surely one of the most exciting and hard-punching tracts of its kind since Zola's of 1898, "J'accuse."

Harry T. Moore

Gertrude Stein and Company

Charmed Circle

by James R. Mellow

(Praeger; \$12.95)

It is not modesty but honesty that requires Mr. Mellow to say that he has not attempted a "definitive" life of Gertrude Stein. But the subject has been on his mind since 1950 and he has written an absorbing account of one of the most creative American women in the first half of the 20th century. Published almost 28 years after Miss Stein's death and on the 100th anniversary of her birth, *Charmed Circle* will renew interest in her personality, and perhaps her writing. Mr. Mellow's book is factual but entertaining, and by comparison with its two predecessors (biographies by John Malcolm Brinnin and Sylvia Spriggle) comprehensive.

Gertrude Stein was a commanding teacher, like Thornton Wilder whose introductions to three of her books best explain what she was up to as an author. She gave her listeners an exhilarating sense of thinking. Today we would say she "stretched" their minds. She had immense curiosity. She was as tough-minded as her teacher William James could have wished. She worked hard. She enjoyed herself, food, pictures, landscapes, conversation and dogs. She had a horror of "intellectuals," by which she meant those whose perception of things as they are was dimmer than hers. When asked what she thought of modern art she said, "I like to look at it." She struggled to create a "continuous present" in her narrative, rather than a beginning, middle and end. It was not clarity that preoccupied her; it was having "vitality enough of knowing enough of what you mean." If you have that, she said, the reader "will have to realize that you know what you mean and so they will agree that you mean what you know, what you know you mean, which is as near as anybody can come to understanding anyone."

Gertrude Stein's *A Long Gay Book* was neither long nor gay. Mr. Mellow's book is both—a large, well arranged, colorful collage. He is most interested, as most others have been, in Stein the collector of pictures and people, rather

Gertrude Stein on Time, Living, America

Middle-class, middle-class, I know no one of my friends who will admit it, one can find no one among you all to belong to it, I know that here we are to be democratic and aristocratic and not have it, for middle class is sordid material unilluminated unambitious and always monotonous for it is always there and to be always repeated, and yet I am strong, and I am right, and I know it, and I say it to you and you are to listen to it, yes here in the heart of a people who despise it, that a material middle class who know they are it, with their straightened bond of family to control it, is the one thing always human, vital, and worthy it—worthy that all monotonously shall repeat it,—and from which has always sprung, and all who really look can see it, the very best the world can ever know, and everywhere we always need it.

— *The Making of Americans*

It is hard living down the tempers we are born with. We all begin well, for in our youth there is nothing we are more intolerant of than our own sins writ large in others and we fight them fiercely in ourselves; but we grow old and we see that these our sins are of all sins the really harmless ones to own, nay that they give a charm to any character, and so our struggle with them dies away.

— *The Making of Americans*

I am sure that this particular moment in our history is more important than anything since the Civil War. We are there where we have to have to fight a spiritual pioneer fight or we will go poor as England and other industrial countries have gone poor, and don't think that communism or socialism will save you, you just have to find a new way, you have to find out how you can go ahead without running away with yourselves, you have to learn to produce without exhausting your country's wealth, you have to learn to be individual and not just mass job workers, you have to get courage enough to know what you feel and not just all be yes or no men, but you have to really learn to express complication, go easy and if you can't go easy go as easy as you can. Remember the depression, don't be afraid to look it in the face and find out the reason why, don't be afraid of the reason why, if you don't find out the reason why you'll go poor and my God how I would hate to have my native land go poor. Find out the reason why, look facts in the face, not just what they all say, the leaders, but every darn one of you so that a government by the people for the people shall not perish from the face of the earth, it won't, somebody else will do it if we lie down on the job, but of all things don't stop, find out the reason why of the depression, find it out each and every one of you and then look the facts in the face.

— *Brewsie and Willie*

I think centuries are like men, they begin as children begin simple and hopeful then they go through that period that Doctor Osler used to call the senseless age, boys of eleven to seventeen, and then they go through their period of becoming civilised and then the century more or less settles down, becomes as the French say *rangé* that is civilised and the work is over.

— *Paris, France*

Familiarity does not breed contempt. On the contrary the more familiar it is the more rare and beautiful it is.

— *Paris, France*

She steeped herself in the very essence of clear eyed Americanism. For days she wandered about the Boston streets rejoicing in the passionless intelligence of the faces. She revelled in the American street-car crowd with its ready intercourse, free comments and airy persiflage all without double meanings which created an atmosphere that never suggested for a moment the need to be on guard.

— *Q.E.D.*

On Writing and Painting

Commas are servile and they have no life of their own, and their use is not a use, it is a way of replacing one's own interest and I do decidedly like to like my own interest my own interest in what I am doing. A comma by helping you along holding your coat for you and putting on your shoes keeps you from living your life as actively as you should lead it and to me for many years and I still do feel that way about it only now I do not pay as much attention to them, the use of them was positively degrading.

— *Lectures in America*

Any of you when you write you try to remember what you are about to write and you will see immediately how lifeless the writing becomes that is why expository writing is so dull because it is all remembered, that is why illustration is so dull because you remember what somebody looked like and you make your illustration look like it. The minute your memory functions while you are doing anything it may be very popular but actually it is dull. And that is what a master-piece is not, it may be unwelcome but it is never dull.

— *What Are Masterpieces*

When you are writing before there is an audience anything written is as important as any other thing and you cherish anything and everything that you have written. After the audience begins, naturally they create something that is they create you, and so not everything is so important, something is more important than another thing, which was not true when you were you that is when you were not you as your little dog knows you.

— *Lectures in America*

I am I because my little dog knows me but, creatively speaking the little dog knowing that you are you and your recognizing that he knows, that is what destroys creation. That is what makes school.

— *What Are Masterpieces*

Beside the nouns and the adjectives there are verbs and adverbs. Verbs and adverbs are more interesting. In the first place they have one very nice quality and that is that they can be so mistaken. It is wonderful the number of mistakes a verb can make and that is equally true of its adverb. Nouns and adjectives never can make mistakes can never be mistaken but verbs can be so endlessly, both as to what they do and how they agree or disagree with whatever they do. The same is true of adverbs.

In that way any one can see that verbs and adverbs are more interesting than nouns and adjectives.

— *Lectures in America*

The first hope of a painter who really feels hopeful about painting is the hope that the painting will move, that it will live outside its frame.

— *Lectures in America*

When I was in America I for the first time travelled pretty much all the time in an airplane and when I looked at the earth I saw all the lines of cubism made at a time when not any painter had ever gone up in an airplane. I saw there on the earth the mingling lines of Picasso, coming and going, developing and destroying themselves, I saw the simple solutions of Braque, I saw the wandering lines of Masson, yes I saw and once more I knew that a creator is contemporary, he understands what is contemporary when the contemporaries do not yet know it, but he is contemporary and as the twentieth century is a century which sees the earth as no one has ever seen it, the earth has a splendor that it never has had, and as everything destroys itself in the twentieth century and nothing continues, so then the twentieth century has a splendor which is its own and Picasso is of this century, he has that strange quality of an earth that one has never seen and of things destroyed as they have never been destroyed.

— *Picasso*

than Stein the writer, though he diligently summarizes her books. A deeper interest in her work, rather than the bric-à-brac of her life, would have required a closer examination of her experiments with language, and especially her ideas about the relationship of the writer to his audience, which is the subject of her *The Geographical History of America* or *The Relation of Human Nature to the Human Mind* and *What Are Masterpieces*.

Charmed Circle is handsomely made. It has photographs, an afterword, extensive notes, a bibliography and a lengthy index. Mellow gives a fascinating run-down of the love-hate affair between Stein and Hemingway, though he disappoints us by paraphrasing and not quoting from a Hemingway letter to W. G. Rogers shortly after World War II. There is a full and admiring review of Miss Stein's collaboration with the composer Virgil Thomson. The settings of *The Charmed Circle* are decorative, the cast large, amusing, bright. There is much discussion of painters and purchases, but not as much about painting, as one wants from an art critic of *The New York Times*. The withering rebuke is given 'prominence; Miss Stein and Alice B. Toklas were wicked dismissers. There is a lively appreciation of the competition for position within the circle; the gossip and the feuds were endless. For Miss Stein, a settled, well-ordered background was necessary for the unsettling labor of creation. She liked comfort and Miss Toklas gave her that for 30 years, along with love. The food was delicious, the furniture polished, the nearly illegible manuscripts neatly typed, the vegetable garden planted, weeded, harvested, the unwelcome intruder kept out and the welcome visitor served tea.

I can't be sure that everything was as Mellow says it was. Miss Stein may have said that James Joyce "smelled of the museum," but in her autobiography she says that about Hemingway. Perhaps she said it about both. It is possible that Alice Toklas "rejoined" the Catholic Church, but I know of no evidence for her having been a Catholic in her youth and Mellow gives us none. Nor, I believe, was Miss Toklas a "chain smoker all her life." It doesn't matter. This is a delightful book and it will enlarge the company of those charmed by the comings and goings of Miss Stein's company.

Gilbert A. Harrison

Man of Storms

De Gaulle
by Brian Crozier

(Scribner's; \$12.50)

All the books on Charles de Gaulle, including de Gaulle's own memoirs, emphasize his contempt for the French people. Few make anything of their apparent lack of affection for him. When he resigned as Prime Minister in 1946, no popular clamor arose for his return. His rally of the French people fizzled out in the early '50s. When he ran for the presidency in 1965, the only time in his career that he submitted to a direct popular verdict, he was forced into a humiliating run-off. His resignation from office in 1969 met with indifference. As the outstanding figure of a large Western democracy for a span of 30 years and its ruler for a decade, a curious personage indeed.

Only Churchill, of his contemporaries, seems as much the extravagant creation of an old adventure magazine for boys. Crozier is the latest of de Gaulle's Anglo-Saxon biographers, of whom many have been his fervent admirers. Crozier's de Gaulle, however, is a man whose fame far exceeded his accomplishments: "as a writer, he wrote too little, as a soldier, he fought too little; and as a statesman, he came too late."

De Gaulle returned to power in 1958 at the age of 68—too advanced in years, Crozier believes, too obstinately attached to his boyhood idea of France, too far along in the 20th century to accomplish his dreams. His preoccupation with international affairs eventually became an obsession, and his actions "those of a frustrated and em-

bittered old man." Having slammed the door on British entry into the Common Market and failed to pry the Germans loose from the United States, de Gaulle spent his last years chasing the will-o'-the-wisp of Soviet friendship, picking fights with almost everyone else, and seeking to dislodge the Americans from Europe. But the Russians were mystified as to what he meant by "Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals"; the Americans could not be budged. In the meantime de Gaulle almost totally neglected domestic policy, and the ruinous price he paid were the events of May 1968.

Nobody, of course, was a more assiduous cultivator of Gaullist myth than de Gaulle himself. "General de Gaulle," the historical personage of his memoirs, is one of his most remarkable accomplishments. Stanley Hoffmann has written several brilliant essays on the clues the memoirs afford to the author's style of "heroic leadership." Crozier is more concerned to dispel the myths of the general's followers, most of whom he finds unbearably self-righteous. As this is a widespread view, he has had plenty of help. Claims that the Vichy regime was illegally established, or that de Gaulle favored Algerian independence long before he assumed power, or that he was an original military thinker, have been pretty well demolished.

Crozier's treatment leaves the odd impression that he has measured de Gaulle's career against some quantitative standards of accomplishment. It is true that as a soldier, de Gaulle did little fighting. But he made the most of the opportunities he had—in World War I, when he was wounded and taken prisoner, and in 1940, when he commanded a tank regiment—and it is hard to see how one could fairly ask for more.

To be sure, de Gaulle didn't write enough books to earn a steady living at it. But he wrote more than most professors turn out in a lifetime. His essay on leadership, *The Edge of the Sword*, is a minor masterpiece in the genre; only Churchill among the warrior-statesmen has written a comparable set of memoirs.

If statesmen were permitted to choose their moments in power, then Churchill and de Gaulle, both old men when they took office, probably "came too late," about 50 years too late for de Gaulle, Crozier thinks. But if de Gaulle's ambitions for his country are taken as literally as Crozier appears to do, not even in 1920 did France have the requisite economic and demographic edge

over its neighbors. He may well have been tardy by as much as a century and a half, but all this is really beside the point. When de Gaulle came to power in 1958 it was late in the day indeed, but hardly "too late." He put an end to a dozen years of colonial war, an end to the threat of civil war in France, an end to the army's political pretensions, an end to the French Empire. Some of these accomplishments couldn't have been further from the hopes and ambitions he had nursed in retirement.

Crozier thinks of de Gaulle as a kind of Napoleon III, a man, he contends, who didn't know when to stop. It is interesting that he should compare his subject to the most controversial French leader of the 19th century. For, just as much has been said in favor of Napoleon III, so a case can be made that de Gaulle, for all his infuriating posturing, had a keener sense of the limitations on French action in the world than any of his competitors for leadership. It was he who freed a power of the second rank from global burdens that not even a power of the first rank could have maintained. No one else could have brought off the retreat to the hexagon in such a way as to convince a sufficient number of his countrymen that the Algerian disaster was somehow a victory.

De Gaulle once wrote that "old age is a shipwreck." Crozier stops just short of turning this judgment against its author. Perhaps the general did forget his own admonition and cling to office when he should have stepped down. But the problem of de Gaulle can't be reduced to a problem of geriatrics. If it could, it would be hard to justify a full-scale biography. Crozier, in this recounting, has left little out. He finds that the "man of storms" was not a man for all seasons, but de Gaulle recognized this himself. If he was short of durable accomplishments, he was nevertheless a man of more than one supreme moment. Perhaps the time has come to ask questions about de Gaulle that another conventional biography probably can't answer. What, in the absence of affection, was the nature of the bond between him and the French people? Did they think of him simply as a man who had gotten them out of some bad scrapes, or was the remark that every Frenchman either had been, or would be, a Gaullist more than just another Gaullist myth?

John E. Talbott

LOOKING FOR MAVIN?

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Recent Fiction

Sarsen Place by Gwendoline Butler

(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; \$6.95)

On the first page of this urbane "Victorian gothic," signs and portents fall thick and fast ("I had no notion . . . that the approaching season would bring . . . terrors . . . I would learn how criminals live . . . violence, kidnapping, murder would be all about me"). The reader nods. A bit later, its narrator declares herself "emancipated . . . from the conventional ideas of what a lady can or cannot do"; still later, confesses "I wasn't looking for or expecting an ordinary woman's life."

The reader pays attention. And he ought to. *Sarsen Place* is a densely plotted, fiendishly misdirected tale of ugly intrigue, whose elegantly phrased façade conceals both a solid social panorama (Oxford, the 1880s) and a witty employment of feminist sentiment that feminists may not like very much.

Heroine Mary Lamont is an irresistible enough creature, a credibly vivacious, intelligent free spirit who moves in a welter of conflicting "worlds" with a graceful carriage composed of equal parts of stout courage and infectious distractedness. The daughter of an easygoing artist-teacher (at Ruskin's School of Drawing), she judiciously divides her time among studies in classical Greek, bluestocking friends (they include Mrs. Humphrey Ward and a militant American lady who styles herself ". . . an agent provocateur for women's emancipation . . .") and her job as governess to "withdrawn" young Alice Demarest of Sarsen Place.

"Terrors" seize Alice in the form of violent, inexplicable nightmares. Other complications quickly ensue. Mary senses she's being followed by a strangely familiar lady. There's a mysterious drowning, a corpse discovered in the garden, a nasty kidnapping. The mystery woman's cloak turns up where it oughtn't to. From a nearby milliner's shop, Alice receives a gift of a life-sized doll (which looks "mean, seedy, and indescribably furtive").

Butler keeps the mysteries multiplying: there's a new twist every few pages. The novel is laboriously over-plotted; and written in detail- and

alternative-laden sentences that will make wizard speed-reading course students break down and weep.

Sarsen Place is a great dark conglomeration of privilege, enigma and artifice. Even in the midst of outrageous melodramatics class-conscious notes creep in, as Mary "realise[s] that almost anything could happen in a house like Sarsen Place and be smothered by the weight of its prosperity and its knowledge of the world." Skeletons rattle garrulously in its closets. We learn of Queen Victoria's anger with Alice's grandfather—for reasons the family has managed to suppress. Alice's father is of course a widower; there's something funny about him, too. His brother Charles is an agreeable ne'er-do-well, whose secrets none of them even dares to guess at. Alice's grandmother smokes strange looking cigarettes and seems unusually abstracted, even for one's grandmother. And why do all the servants go about nodding wisely, as if they knew something?

Butler keeps placing odd, vivid characters in motion before us, introducing potential suspects: a surly coachman

named Belcher, who drinks; a young street chestnut-hawker, who knows a thing or two; a servant girl, who bears an uncanny resemblance to Alice; various congenial whores from the neighborhood establishment known as "Tinker's"; a perhaps-too-accommodating clock repairman; a professional thief-trainer and procurer, the wonderfully named Christian Ableman.

As Dickens or Wilkie Collins would have done, Gwendoline Butler makes the nature of the mystery *itself* a mystery—hiding behind the crowded, deliciously rendered profusion of people and places, the plot that is impelling them all to act as they do. Mary Lamont, on bluff even terms with her father's back-street studio, the company at Tinker's, the Demarests' mansion . . . well, who else would you expect to solve the puzzle?

Mary's liberationist convictions are incisively reiterated ("If a woman doesn't value herself, no one else is going to do it for her . . ."; ". . . in any relationship I had with a man, I would stand on equal terms"). Still Butler uses them to influence the ambiguity of the

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The Stories of Seventeen Women

KATRINA MAXTONE - GRAHAM

Because of her conviction that every child should be a wanted child, Katrina Maxtone-Graham, herself the mother of four, has put together a sensitive collection of stories by women who have faced unwanted pregnancy and the traumatic decision to seek an abortion, to give a child up for adoption, or to undertake single parenthood.

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LIVERIGHT

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story she tells.

In James' *The Turn of the Screw*, the suffering governess is possibly neurotic: we must suspect the truthfulness of her narrative. In *Sarsen Place* we're invited to wonder if Mary Lamont's well-founded distrust of men is causing her to see murderers behind every shirt-front. Sex is in it, too; she's "romantically emancipated"—anticipates "pleasure" from marriage, and shivers wickedly at her own unconventionality. Is she so fixated, then, on the apparent dastard's bristling mustaches that she can't bear to suspect him?

The unreliable narrator (as so often before, a governess); the enormous lively array of secondary characters; the bleak symbolic-opposition settings; the suggestion of social conflict through purest melodrama: this is, in skillful miniature, a meticulously reconstructed Victorian novel.

Should we be disappointed, then, when the novel ends focused on the determined literal unraveling of mystery? God knows we've earned it. But neatly managed resolutions belong to the world of the thriller-pure-and-simple. *Sarsen Place* is a beautifully rendered chunk from a much larger world. When its convincing artifice relaxes into formula routine, we are returned to "reality" by that most unconvincing of conveyances. A letdown.

Bruce Allen

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

HARRY T. MOORE's revised edition of his life of D. H. Lawrence, *The Priest of Love* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) will appear in April. GILBERT A. HARRISON has written the introduction to the recent *Staying on Alone: the Letters of Alice B. Toklas* (Liveright). His Gertrude Stein's America is being reissued by the same publisher this month. JOHN E. TALBOTT teaches history at the University of California at Santa Barbara. He edited *France Since 1930* (Quadrangle). BRUCE ALLEN is a freelance writer who lives in Kittery, Maine. JONATHAN YARDLEY is book editor of the Miami Herald. ELAINE REUBEN is chairman of the MLA Commission on the Status of Women and taught English at the University of Wisconsin, Madison. RICHARD HORWICH teaches English at Brooklyn College. JOSHUA RUBENSTEIN, a student of Russian, has traveled in Russia, lived in Israel, now in Boston. TODD GITLIN teaches at New College, California State University, San Jose. His latest book of poetry is *Busy Being Born* (Straight Arrow Books).

The Legionnaires by Per Olov Enquist

(Delacorte; \$10)

The facts, to borrow Per Olov Enquist's staccato, police-blotter style, are these: In the spring of 1945, 167 Baltic legionnaires who had served in the German army were interned in Sweden. The Swedish government decided, in a routine fashion, to extradite them to the Soviet Union, which had absorbed the Baltic states. Many of the soldiers feared that extradition would mean death at the hands of "cruel Russia," and they staged dramatic protests that included hunger strikes and self-mutilation; the protests had the support of thousands of Swedes. But the extradition order was not reversed, and in January 1946, the surviving soldiers were shipped to Russia.

From that material Enquist, a young Swede who describes himself as an "ex-liberal, for the last four years a socialist convert," has fashioned this sprawling "documentary novel." He was inspired to do so several years ago when, in the course of a discussion of Vietnam, an American friend remarked to him: "The world's conscience. I know, I've lived in Sweden. The Swedes have the world's only transportable consciences; they go around like professional moralists. They never speak of the situations when they themselves have been faced with moral conflicts. The troop transits. The extradition of the Balts. What do you know about the extradition of the Balts?"

Not, as it happened, very much, but Enquist set forth to find out what he could. He read everything he could find, and he talked with many of the survivors. At its best the result is at once an epic and a series of small human stories. "Political processes are not only facts, ideologies, finance," Enquist writes; "they are also situations, situations built up on a network of connections, a web in which man at last gets caught, not helpless, but caught."

So long as Enquist sticks to the human dimensions of his story, *The Legionnaires* is powerful and moving. Several of the individual portraits are exceptionally sensitive, notably that of the complex and mysterious Dr. Elmars Eichfuss-Atvars, a commanding figure who became a leader of the Balts. Enquist writes with deep emotion about the agonies the legionnaires endured during their long period of uncertainty, about the "utter hopelessness" they felt.

But the book has two serious flaws. The first is all too familiar to readers of American "personal journalism": Enquist does not let the story's obvious moral and political ambiguities speak for themselves, but examines them in long retrospective passages that strike me as wholly gratuitous. He writes solemn communiqués to Chairman Mao, recalls at exhausting length his own experiences during the Mississippi freedom marches. He attempts to draw a parallel between his personal search for meaning in history and the extradition's legacy of moral doubt, but all he does is clutter a tale that offers quite enough material of its own.

Beyond that, the "documentary novel" is a questionable device, even when skillfully used as in Steiner's *Treblinka*. The evident hope of writers who employ it is that by applying methods of fiction to the materials of history, they leave room for valid speculation, interpretation and invention. They want, however, to have it both ways: to write fiction, but to have it accepted as history. They do not document, even when their assertions cry out for documentation; they do not distinguish between material that is the product of research and material that has been invented. When the reader does not know precisely what to believe, the natural tendency is to believe nothing.

That is a trap of Enquist's own choosing, and in light of his story and the energy he poured into exploring it the choice is doubly unfortunate. It takes no small amount of courage to drag an embarrassing skeleton out of one's native land's closet, and Enquist does so here with admirable persistence. No doubt *The Legionnaires* has been a useful antidote for Swedish moral smugness, and for that Enquist deserves praise; but as literature *The Legionnaires* is neither fish nor fowl.

Jonathan Yardley



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Thom Hickam

Fear of Flying by Erica Jong

(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; \$6.95)

Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying* could not have been written without the great changes taking place in women's attitudes about themselves, and could not have been published without the growing audience for fiction reflecting female experience. Not really so paradoxically, however, the novel reveals little awareness of those changes, and has little to say to women who have experienced them, except, perhaps, to mark the place from which they began. Those who know Jong's poetry (*Fruits and Vegetables*, *Half-Lives*) will not be surprised to discover that her first novel is fueled with finely ironic comic monologues, but verbal energies alone are not sufficient to ignite the raw materials of this painfully witty portrait of the artist as a nice Jewish girl.

Whether as daughter, sister, wife, lover, poet or veteran analysand, Isadora Zelda White Stollerman Wing has found life for the female and talented "a trap no matter which way you turned." Contradictorily itchy for sex and for solitude, filled with "hunger-thumps" for security and for freedom, guilty and fearful of both failure and success, Isadora longs for a female Chaucer to be her model while searching for the impossible man of her high school fantasies. She discovers him at an international conference of psychoanalysts and accepts his challenge to leave her stifling marriage for an existential fling across Europe—only to find herself analyzed and abandoned in Paris. Alone, rereading her notebooks and dreaming extravagant, curative dreams, Isadora decides she can endure, and returns (perhaps for marriage, perhaps for divorce) to her husband and her work.

The solution isn't terribly convincing, but then neither were the problems. Isadora describes conflicts shared by many women of her age and class; Jong doesn't dramatize them or connect them to any reality outside of Isadora's consciousness. A too-quick look at *Fear of Flying* might even suggest that Jong intended to parody the surfeit of recent novels in which a sensitive woman runs from husband to lover to shrink to discover herself—with a few swipes along the way at Portnoy *et fils*—but there is, in fact, no distance between Jong and Isadora. The literary games being played here include one with

their identity: when a New York born, Barnard/Columbia educated, young Jewish poet writes a novel in the voice of a New York born, Barnard/Columbia educated, young Jewish poet, and endows her heroine with Oriental in-laws like her own and with her own poems. . . .

Isadora acknowledges that she clings to her published volumes to prove she's "not just an ordinary woman," yet her accomplishments are real and the flashbacks in *Fear of Flying* which deal with her work, rather than her men, are the most satisfying in the novel. Although she calls herself a feminist (and speaks frequently about being, or not-being, liberated), Isadora's feminism seems

mainly the belief that *she* shouldn't have to be a secretary or a dowdy housewife. She tells what may be her last analyst that she talks to other women; on the evidence presented she did so last nearly 10 years earlier with her music and art friend, Pia: "We were attracted to men, but when it came to understanding and good talk we needed each other." Perhaps that thought is recalled by Isadora's final dream of making love to a black Colette, but nowhere else in the novel does Jong hint at the possibility that "liberation" might have more to do with women caring about each other, in their lives and in their work, than with their caring, or not caring, about men.

Elaine Reuben

Block and Blech: Tax Tactics

J. K. Lasser's Your Income Tax

(Simon & Schuster; \$1.95)

H&R Block 1974 Income Tax Workbook

(Macmillan; \$1.95)

Your wife may depend on you for support, affection and doing the dishes but she is not a *dependent* for tax purposes. You may, however, claim her as an *exemption* and you may do it even if you did not support her last year. For every exemption you claim you can subtract \$750 from your taxable income. You may also deduct the money you contributed to the Red Cross or the Salvation Army, just as President Nixon did when he gave \$4500 to the Billy Graham Evangelistic Crusade in 1970. But do not make the mistake of thinking that just because a contribution is deductible it saves you in taxes the amount you contributed. You subtract the contribution from your *taxable income* before you compute your tax liability; you don't subtract it from your *tax bill*. Because the tax laws favor the rich, a one-dollar charitable contribution ends up saving more in taxes for the guy with a \$100,000 income than it does for the poor fellow who makes only \$8000. The former (if he is married) saves 60 cents in taxes for every dollar he contributes to a good cause. The dollar contribution in effect costs him only 40 cents. The \$8000-a-year man saves only 19 cents on

the dollar he contributes. He's out of pocket 81 cents.

A *tax deduction* is not as nice as a *tax credit* because a *tax credit* is subtracted directly from the tax you would otherwise owe. The federal tax you pay on fuel for your motorboat and lawnmower qualifies you for a credit. The state sales tax on gas for your car gives you a tax deduction. You estimate the deduction by looking up in the table provided by the Internal Revenue Service the number of miles you drove last year. But if your car has only four cylinders you can deduct only half the amount you find in the table. Got all that?

If this rendering of some of the subjects one needs to understand to complete the federal income tax return seems baffling and irrational, it is because the tax laws are complex beyond understanding to just about everyone, give or take Wilbur Mills, H&R Block (not to be confused with Arthur Blech, Nixon's tax genius) and a few odd thousand tax lawyers and certified public accountants. Block prepares about seven million tax returns a year. Still, untold millions of taxpayers presume to go it alone with no more help than the in-

structions IRS provides and perhaps a tax guide like J. K. Lasser. I find the tax books and forms a fascinating challenge though I ultimately do resort to the help of a CPA in doing my taxes.

An accountant is a costly luxury but I suspect that my accountant, because he knows the tax law and the deductions legally available to me, saves me more than he charges to prepare my returns. And his fee is itself tax deductible. Even with help, however, the taxpayer must have some knowledge of what the annual ritual entails if only to assemble the sorts of information the tax man uses to plug into the tax forms. Thus Lasser can be useful even to those who farm out their returns to professionals.

I have acquainted and reacquainted myself with Lasser from year to year because the tax guide changes with the always-in-flux tax laws. (Last year for instance the social security tax deducted by employers amounted to 5.85 percent of wages up to \$10,800. This year the tax has gone up and will amount to 5.85 percent of the first \$13,200 in wages and salary.) Lasser fans must buy the revised book every year to keep abreast. Simon & Schuster has sold more than 16 million copies in 36 years and that figure surely includes a substantial number of repeaters. In reading it for help you may conclude that you are beyond help. It might even make you a tax reform zealot, for there must be a simpler way for the IRS to exact its pound of flesh. You can also read Lasser for laughs if you have a specialized sense of humor.

Let's dip into Lasser again: Everybody has the right to claim one exemption (for himself). If you are blind, you qualify for a second \$750 exemption. But you have to be blind in a very specific sort of way. That is, you have to have a doctor certify that your "central visual acuity does not exceed 20/200 in the better eye with correcting lenses, or where visual acuity is greater than 20/200 it is accompanied by a limitation in the field of vision such that the widest diameter of the visual field subtends an angle no greater than 20 degrees." So you see, if you are blind for tax purposes you need an ophthalmologist as well as an accountant, not to mention a friend to read Lasser aloud.

You can claim as an exemption an infant child born on December 31 and thus derive the same tax benefit you would have received had the little fellow been a drag on your finances from the first day of last year. If the baby was stillborn he doesn't count for tax purposes. But if he was born alive and died

a minute later, you're in luck; the exemption is allowed. You may also deduct medical expenses such as fees paid to your podiatrist or Christian Science practitioner or to your dentist for cleaning your teeth; also the cost of a wig (if it was prescribed by a doctor as essential to your mental health, but not otherwise); also your vasectomy and the vitamins prescribed by a doctor. Vitamins are disallowed if you took them merely to preserve your general health. But don't get carried away and try to deduct toothpaste, or an illegal operation or the vichy water you drink to avoid fluoridation, or your swimming pool (unless you are a polio victim). You can claim an exemption for dependents whether they are related to you or not, if they live in your house year around and you contribute more than half of their support and they earn less than \$750 during the year. But, as usual, there are exceptions: you can't claim an exemption for your mistress, for instance, even if she meets all the other tests. (Before you get the idea that the IRS frowns on immorality recall that gambling winnings are taxable and losses deductible. You can't, alas, deduct your bribes and kickbacks.)

Did your boss give you a Christmas gift and is it taxable? Well that depends on whether you can show that your employer "acted with pure and unselfish motives of affection, admiration or charity." If he did, then the gift isn't taxable. If, on the other hand, he was rewarding you for past accomplishments or in expectation of future services, then you have to pay tax.

The H&R Block 1974 Income Tax Workbook competes in the drugstores with J. K. Lasser and sells also for a tax-deductible \$1.95. Block's book is half as long and in larger type, simpler to read and more elementary, but considerably less amusing reading. Block's approach is to take the taxpayer step by step through the tax form. That tack might be more useful than Lasser's for the layman taxpayer who doesn't want to know anything he doesn't have to know to survive the necessity of complying with the IRS code.

There are several things about the Block book, however, that make me uneasy. For one thing the publisher refuses to be responsible for its accuracy. The workbook "is sold with the understanding that the publisher is not engaged in rendering legal, accounting or other professional service. Professional counsel should be consulted on legal or accounting problems. The information

this book contains is as up to date as it can be and has been carefully checked by H&R Block tax technicians. Nevertheless, the publisher hereby disclaims responsibility for accuracy of the text."

The Block workbook furthermore tries to lure the confused reader into a Block storefront office for personal help. Bring in the book, it says, and they'll give you \$1.95 off the cost of having a housewife-turned-Block-technician do your taxes.

For the most part Block's technicians are not licensed accountants and although they prepared seven million tax returns last year their service is not that of a CPA. If the Block brothers screw up your return they cannot, as a CPA can, represent you in proceedings of the IRS. (An accountant in this respect can be of strategic importance because you can blame everything on him and let him do the explaining when your taxes are audited. Nixon has been criticized for being so petty as to deduct \$1.24 in finance charges he paid to Garfinckel's department store. But according to Nixon's special counsel, Richard Moore, that wasn't the President's pettiness, but Blech's. Moore told Jules Witcover of *The Washington Post*, "You know the President didn't claim \$1.24. The accountant did it. That's the way they work. That didn't reflect the President's wishes." That's called passing the buck to Blech and if you have an accountant you can play that game too.)

Tax time, like Christmas, is an annual unpleasantness that each year grows more familiar, though not necessarily easier to live through. The tax forms tend to get more difficult with the passing years as one takes on encumbrances such as a spouse and a house even if the tax rite loses some of the mystery it has for the young person filing for the first time. If your tax circumstances are complicated, that is, if you itemize deductions, want to deduct business lunches, mortgage interest, and your growing medical bills, there is some justification for buying a tax guide to supplement the information contained in the free IRS tax packet. If on the other hand your affairs are simpler and you take the standard deduction, then the free government information should be more than sufficient. It is clearly enough written—more so in 1974, it seems to me, than in some previous years—and it contains all one really has to know. Why confuse yourself with too much information?

President Nixon is in hot water because he may have claimed deductions

that weren't legitimate, failed to report capital gains income, and submitted returns containing errors that tended in their effect to reduce his taxes. His problems do not appear to have resulted from merely availing himself of all the law allows. Congressman Vanik recently said he thought that there may be a breakdown in the self-assessment system of taxation this year; the example set by the President may cause many taxpayers to take more than full advantage of tax law ambiguities and to stretch definitions and give themselves the benefit of every doubt, à la Richard Nixon. He thinks the cost to the Treasury may be in the billions of dollars.

David Sanford

The People, Yes

The Genteel Populists by Simon Lazarus

(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; \$8.95)

In modern politics, style is all—and one of the best things Simon Lazarus does in *The Genteel Populists* is to focus our attention on the style of the new reform-oriented champions of the people. Actually "genteel" is not the word that springs instantly to mind when one envisions Ralph Nader's hunched posture and dusty black narrow-lapeled suits; and certainly the rise of Bess Myerson from Bronx beauty-contest winner to successful director of New York's Department of Consumer Affairs is more illustrative of talent and determination than of gentility. But one knows what Lazarus means: the roots of populism have always been among the patrician elite. Woodrow Wilson and Justice Brandeis, he points out, are more typical populists than strident demagogues like Joseph McCarthy or plain-folks politicians like Huey Long. Certainly Lazarus' own present-day heroes—Nader, Myerson, Nicholas Johnson, Philip Moore—are a long way from the soil or the assembly line.

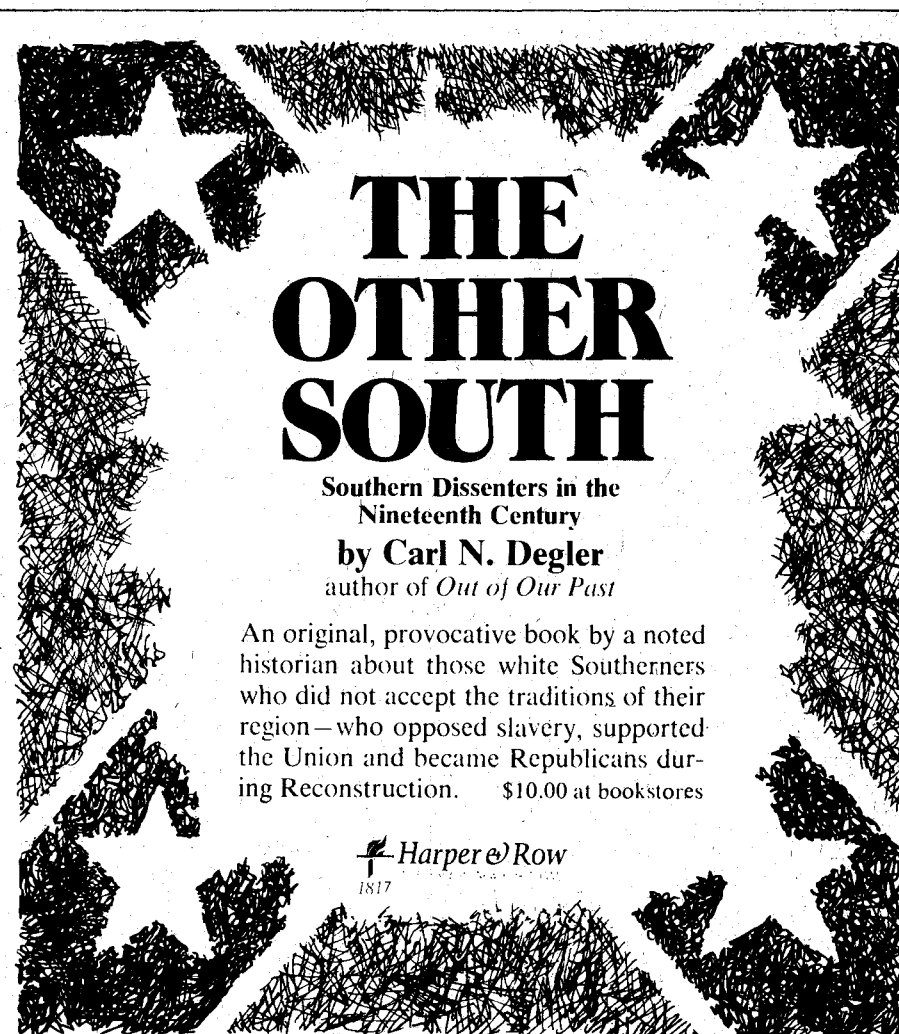
The Genteel Populists is an extraordinarily timely book: the first objective critique of the populist renaissance that began five years ago with the abdication

of President Johnson and which has emerged as the most meaningful recent shift to occur in our country's political direction. Under slogans like "power to the people," populism resurrects itself (as it arose originally) in response to the threat posed by the unholy alliance of corporate special interests and government. Such an alliance may be the result of corruption, but is more often (as Lazarus illustrates in his fascinating discussion of how the FCC, after much internecine warfare, managed to prevent the merger of ITT with ABC) the product of the ideological blindness of those federal administrators who cannot or will not grasp what is meant by "the public interest" that their charters oblige them to defend. In a time when such officials begin speeches, "We in the industry . . ."; when the priority allocations of gasoline during the current energy crisis place the public last; when consumers pay more for milk to cover the cost of the dairymen's contributions to CREEP, and more for bread in order to enrich the handful of entrepreneurs who engineered, with the administration's help, the Russian wheat deal—in such a time it is hardly surpris-

ing that the groundswell of populism should be rocking the ship of state.

The Genteel Populists is not a book filled with chatty anecdotes of the sort that made *The Best and the Brightest* such an entertaining vehicle for the story of our tragedy and disgrace in Vietnam. Nor is it written with the rhetorical splendors of a Galbraith or a Schlesinger; on the contrary its style is serious and straightforward. Yet, in its methodical way, it is absorbing and enlightening. Lazarus, a young lawyer who has worked as legal assistant to both Nicholas Johnson and Bess Myerson, has a firm grasp of both practice and theory: he can teach us to read a blueprint of the gritty machinery that ground out New York's unit-pricing law, and he can deliver, with scholarly precision, a devastating historical critique of the pluralistic theories which so seduced political scientists of the '50s and '60s—and which, he more than implies, are what got us into the condition of virtual paralysis in which 1968 found us.

What is so attractive about the populism that Lazarus describes is its healthy cynicism. No more of the touching



pluralist faith in government expertise that Halberstam so expertly chronicled, or in the willingness of corporations to enforce their own compliance with environmental codes, if only we will hurry up and enact them. On the contrary the new populism is based on the Hobbesian assumption that corporation presidents and bureaucrats, like the rest of us, are combative and self-centered, driven by *id* that needs to be regulated continually by the watchful superego of a concerned public. Further amid the shrill emotionalism of countless splinter groups within the populist movement itself, I welcome Lazarus' knowledge that the dualistic conception of a political economy composed only of "the people" (who are good) and "the interests" (who are evil) is too absurdly simple: all of us are members of the populace, Roger Blough as well as Ralph Nader, and the well-being of most of us is intimately bound up with that of "the interests" who furnish our products and our paychecks.

Lazarus makes a number of useful recommendations, the most persuasive being that we abandon our liberal fondness for "Grand Designs," for sweeping legislation like the Nader-supported bills to create an independent consumer protection agency and to bring about federal chartering of corporations. The solution, Lazarus says, is to enforce existing laws effectively, not to create, in a charismatic flash of headline oratory, new laws that are easily co-opted by the very interests they are designed to control. Populism is a matter of public participation, and this, he argues, is best accomplished through the courts, via the unspectacular and time-consuming operations of public interest law. It is a modest and a conservative approach, but it has much to recommend it—particularly, in recent weeks, the implacable calm of Judge Sirica, a living advertisement of the judiciary's willingness to defend our interests.

For the point is to see, Lazarus quotes Theodore Roosevelt as saying, "that the most powerful men in this country are held to accountability before the law." Whether such a goal can ever be realized is problematic. Lazarus, with his insistence upon the claims of pragmatism, would probably insist that the struggle is endless, though worthwhile. In this book he makes an important contribution to that pursuit.

Richard Horwich

Proper Burial

Hope Abandoned
by Nadezhda
Mandelstam
translated by
Max Hayward

(Atheneum; \$13.95)

"I do not know how it is elsewhere," Nadezhda Mandelstam tells us in this memoir, "but here in this country, poetry is a healing, life-giving thing, and people have not lost the gift of being able to drink of its inner strength. People can be killed for poetry here—a sign of unparalleled respect—because they are still capable of living by it. If I am right about this, if the verse I have preserved is of some use to people, then my life has not been wasted and I have done what I had to do both for the man who was my other self and for all those people whose humane, that is, human instincts are aroused by poetry."

After Osip Mandelstam's death, his wife Nadezhda devoted her life to preserving his work, hiding some manuscripts in overshoes and saucepans and committing others to memory until, during the relaxed atmosphere of the Khrushchev regime, she was almost able to publish his work in the Soviet Union. But her attempt failed. Only this month, 35 years after his death, have the authorities permitted a limited edition of Mandelstam's work to appear. The strength of his example still inhibits them from releasing a full-scale edition of his verse, for he had remained loyal to poetry and it required that he maintain his "inner freedom" as Russians call it, and not vainly or falsely adopt the values of his surroundings. Only Mandelstam among all his colleagues had consciously chosen martyrdom as the consequence of his refusal to conform to the new requirements of Soviet life and literature.

In volume one of her memoirs, *Hope Against Hope*, Mrs. Mandelstam described the four last desperate years she shared with her husband. Although they first met in 1919, the memoir abruptly begins in 1934 with the story of Mandelstam's arrest for his poem about Stalin. M., as she calls him in her

books, had been a lonely, harassed man from the outset of the revolutionary period. Gradually it became more difficult for him to publish his work. For a time, beginning in 1925, he even lost the ability to write poetry as events in the Soviet Union severely distracted him. In 1933 on a trip to the Crimea he was shocked by the sight of starving peasants. A few months later he wrote a poem denouncing Stalin as a murderer and "peasant-slayer" and read it to a group of people, knowing that someone would inform against him. The following year he was arrested; it is the story of this arrest and his subsequent enforced residence outside of Moscow that form the narrative of *Hope Against Hope*.

This second volume is not a mere continuation of the first book. Mrs. Mandelstam tolerates fewer chronological constraints and while the new book details two distinct periods—their life together from 1919 to 1934 and her years alone after M.'s death in 1938—she frequently digresses from her narrative in order to provide a thorough explanation of her husband's unique defiance of the Soviet regime. Again, unlike the first volume, the book contains numerous moments when it is painfully obvious that she could not restrain her bitterness and despair. She can be cranky and arrogant, a brilliant old woman eager to shed her wrath. More than once she condemns distinguished Western apologists of Soviet communism, like the French poet Louis Aragon, for their lack of compassion for the victims of Soviet ideology. And she is not above delivering a blunt oath against "all the sons of bitches who still block up their ears and close their eyes." Her memoirs themselves document the brutal cynicism overlaying the destruction of a generation of poets. Esenin and Mayakovsky—dead by suicide; Gumiliov—executed; Akhmatova and Pasternak—harassed and isolated; Osip Mandelstam, starved and weary, collapsing out of sight.

Like Antigone she demands the right to bury the dead properly, to recover a body with a tag on its leg from a mass grave in a labor camp. But her grief does not require a nostalgic longing for the past. Even toward her closest friends, like Akhmatova and Pasternak, she does not hesitate to recall weakness and disappointment. As her own account makes clear, Mandelstam himself was not an easy man to live with. He dominated her completely, not allowing her to work, demanding advice about

every word of his poems. In turn she valued his ideas and shared in his defiance. "Not for nothing am I the widow of Mandelstam," she reminds us, insisting that without him she would have remained a frivolous young girl. She assures us that M. taught her to be kind and to value this above all virtues. But her memoirs show that poetry requires courage, not kindness, in order to nourish life, in order to nourish hope.

Joshua Rubenstein

William Crawford Woods on TV

Again, F. S. F.

F. Scott Fitzgerald worked long and well in Hollywood though the fruits of his labors rarely reached the screen. In a despairing letter to producer Joseph Mankiewicz, he summarized his experience: "I gave you a drawing and you simply took a box of chalk and touched it up."

Television has dealt more gently with the author's work—perhaps because it, like the rest of us, has inherited his legend—in a two-hour special aired last month over ABC. "F. Scott Fitzgerald and the Last of the Belles" merits comment as the first entry of a promised series, each segment of which will dramatize a fragment of the author's life and a related sample of his work.

Judged by this introduction, the series will be well worth watching, even if some problems remain unsolved. Its subject is an obvious one (the small screen hungers for big names) but most appropriate when one reflects that Fitzgerald wrote his graceful stories at a time when magazine fiction filled the role that television assumes today, that of mass entertainment at a moment's notice. Indeed Fitzgerald, like Graham Greene, sometimes referred to his work as "entertainments," leaving it to a later generation to dub them art.

So perhaps we should be chary of being too certain that the future will find nothing worthy of that name in the record of our own preferred mass medium. Certainly examples survive, from the so-called golden age of television, of entertainments equal to most of the *Saturday Evening Post* fiction of the '30s, when the Fitzgerald genius, genus and phylum flourished. One thinks of early work by James Costigan (who did the teleplay for "F. Scott Fitzgerald and the Last of the Belles"), George Schaefer (who directed it), and Herbert Brodtkin (who produced). So the promise that this series will bring back the good old days by focusing on better days yet older seems genuine.

It isn't altogether realized in the example at hand, which I watched with a possessive nervousness finally dispelled by the program's decent intent. Like many writers, I feel in an obscure way that I hold a special stock in Fitzgerald Myth & Mining, Inc., so I was poised to bleat angrily at any Hollywood mismanagement of the chairman of the board. But these hours, on the whole, treated the author's life with dignity, and his story with robust flair.

True, certain problems were skirted or unresolved. The program dealt in the traditional way with the problem of making the actual act of writing into drama, by showing Fitzgerald pacing his study or crumpling pages of typescript—well, what else can you do? A man with a pen is not an exciting figure unless the viewer wields a pen of his own or sometimes reads a book. (I do have one practical suggestion: in these hoary scenes, as the screen blurs and we drift from the paper to the story within, a usual practice is to pull the camera back from the page—the simple device of diving into it, of allowing the images of words to swell until they turn to pure abstraction, might give a stronger sense that we are journeying into the tale.)

Then there was perhaps too much reliance on the crutch of the soundtrack, on ragtime and Charleston, to set the mood, and an obsession with period details did not prevent the prop department from pinning marine corps marksmanship medals on US Army uniforms. But in general the attempt to translate the saddened sense of Fitzgerald's fiction, counterpointed by the degeneration of his daily life, into TV terms, was sensibly cautious, and successful.

The same responsible spirit informed the acting. I was particularly fearful of

Richard Chamberlain as the author, but he turned in a quiet performance which, if it did not really suggest Fitzgerald, did no violence to his memory; Blythe Danner felt right as Zelda. Even better were David Huffman and Susan Sarandon as the Scott-and-Zelda characters in the story within the screenplay—and that story was appropriately more glowing than the painful biographical material that surrounded it.

The biography is of a time in Fitzgerald's career when the easy flash of early fame was behind him and the few hard-bought masterpieces of his maturity lay ahead. Zelda had begun to sink into madness, and Fitzgerald's grief sought refuge in idealized stories of their mutual past. One of the best was "The Last of the Belles."

It tells of the encounter between a young army officer, stationed in a small Southern town toward the close of the Great War, and the lovely flirt who dominates the social life of the region—an encounter in which his infatuation is met by a teasing neglect that makes him at once love the girl more deeply and divine her essential shallowness more clearly, so that when he returns on a sentimental journey some years later, he is not surprised to find her still the belle of the ball, but fading into the lonely legacy of her inability to move below the surface of any human contact.

It's a lovely story, of course. Most of Fitzgerald's were. He was perhaps the last writer of short fiction whose stories will be read down through the years with the same sense of delighted awe ignited by the stories of de Maupassant or Chekhov. Though implacably of their own time, they are successful evocations of timeless subjects; in that regard, the relentless detail work of this TV translation was perhaps misweighted, and the self-conscious "old fashioned" timbre of the acting a way of reducing the writer's words from harrowing tragedy to sentimental charm—but again, what else could have been done? Television must show what fiction may suggest, and if Fitzgerald's drawing had been once again touched up with a piece of chalk, it was gently wielded, with a care that showed the makers of this program thought of the author's life and work as something more than hired raw material.

COMING

Chilton Williamson, Jr. reviews three new books about Harry Truman

Fine Print

Doris Grumbach

Within a week I have examined parts of two new encyclopaediae. One, the *Britannica 3* (the exact title is *Encyclopaedia Britannica 15th edition*) is an entirely new work, carrying over none of the articles of the past 14 editions, the first of which appeared in three volumes in Edinburgh in 1771. By the ninth edition (1897), *EB* had grown to 24 volumes; the justly famous 11th edition (1910-1911) was the first to be published in the US as well as in Britain. Then in the '20s it became entirely American in ownership, belonging to Sears, then given to the University of Chicago, which has received royalties from it since 1941.

The peregrinations of *EB* took a new turn with the appearance last week of *EB 3*. Now more than 200 years old, its form bears no resemblance whatever to its forebears. Under the editorial guidance of Mortimer J. Adler and Robert M. Hutchins, with the assistance of 360 editorial staff members, and after about 10 years of preliminary planning and five of actual editing of the contributions of 4277 writers from 131 countries, the new 30-volume work is something of an intriguing puzzle.

If you are not entirely buried under this mass of statistics, let me add that the book, like Gaul (Britannia?) is divided into three distinct parts, each with a somewhat foreboding title. The first, called the prologue or *Propaedia*, is a one-volume "outline of knowledge and guide to the Britannica," and "charts the whole of human knowledge." This volume aims at correcting what Hutchins and others felt was a fragmentation of the world of learning. It divides the world of knowledge (I am now quoting from the elaborate folder of information presented to the press at a St. Regis, NY "reception" for the new edition last week) into a 10-part circle of learning, under such headings as the Earth, Life on Earth, Human Society, Religion, The History of Mankind, etc. Prefacing each part is an introductory essay by a recognized scholar—René Dubos, Loren Eiseley, Harold Lasswell, Mark Van Doren, Jacques Barzun, etc.—and this is followed by references by volume and page to the two other parts.

The *Micropaedia* (10 volumes, 14 million words) is a short-entry encyclope-

dia and an index to the *Macropaedia*, the third part ("knowledge in depth," 19 alphabetically arranged volumes, 4206 articles, 28 million words). This last section most resembles the old *Britannica* we knew, with copious illustrations added, plus the customary annotated bibliography to each entry.

If you have managed to get through all this description you will recognize, I suspect, the fine unifying hand of Mortimer Adler whose *Syntopicon* to the Great Books series must have been the figure lurking behind the present arras. Complex as this organization and breakdown, this analytic and synthetic approach to knowledge seems, *EB 15* promises to make itself useful to a variety of persons seeking different ends. At the press conference Adler pointed out that an encyclopedia has three separate uses: to get facts easily and quickly, the look-it-up service; to explain and relate those facts, the understanding service; and to review whole fields of learning, the broad educational service. *EB 15* will serve those needs, individually or collectively, it is claimed.

The editors emphasize the noneconomic nature of the new enterprise, say that *EB 14* did not need a new edition, because it was already financially successful, and was still considered to be the best standard reference work in the field. But the editors were convinced that it no longer effectively satisfied the needs of people who will now pay \$548 for *EB 15*, a miniscule part of the corporation's \$32 million investment in it, the

largest private investment in publishing history.

Whether all this will work in practice as expected is a question. I have inspected part six of *Propaedia*, "The World of Art" by Mark van Doren, a beautifully written short essay that is then followed by 13 pages of breakdown into subheadings and references to other volumes. Sample (reproduced only in part to make the point):

- A. General theories and concepts of art
- 2. Diverse theories concerning the nature, functions, and effects of art.
- d. Pragmatic theories of art
 - 1. as a means to the enhancement of experience and thought

and then the elaborate numbering: article: 2:40-56/articles sections: 2:51h-53e/2:119c-e. Complex, difficult, perhaps even obscure, but certainly interesting and challenging to the genuine seeker after information and ideas. Whether the look-it-upper, read-as-he-runs seeker will feel the same remains to be seen.

The second, and equally interesting work is *The Great Soviet Encyclopedia*, the first volume of which appeared in December '73. Volumes two-five will be available in 1975, and five volumes per year after that until the 30 volumes are available in 1979. To the American view there are two major points of interest;

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Consciousness is reparation
for the primal theft: it is the necessary
shield against the flux of things.

To yield, utterly yield to the flux
is to be ocean's bottle carrying notes
no one will ever read; but to stand

utterly firm, heavy, fixed, is to sink.
Consciousness is the middle term,
the constant variable

and the only more difficult thing
is not to think, a luxury
only a fool affords, and then too late.

TODD GITLIN

the first is the enterprise and faith of the publisher—Macmillan—in an undertaking of such difficulty and cost. Few publishing houses in the Western world are equipped both financially and with staff to deal with all the problems of translation, transliteration, diplomacy and plain cost that have been involved. Macmillan's Educational Corporation Editor William D. Halsey is as cheerful about the difficulties as about the accomplishments. Unexpectedly the Soviet editors did not ask to see or check the translations, but Macmillan wanted them checked and flew material weekly to Moscow on a regular schedule, received it back promptly. Thus far there have been few changes, none on content. That is because the translators here were instructed to be scrupulously faithful to the original. The investment in the enterprise, the risk, is all Macmillan's, the rights all Macmillan's too, which can sell this English version everywhere in the world, including the Soviet Union.

To Western eyes this looks like the ancestor of all the encyclopedias you have ever known. It contains, in general, short articles arranged in dictionary manner, some that astounded me for their inclusion at all (Adaev horse, adenoids), many of these included in the list of articles but not translated, and some that are surprising for their comparative length. Almost nine double-columned pages are devoted to the subject of algebra, full of a historical survey and many complex equations. Automation is discussed at equal length, especially automation of production.

Judging from the only volume in print, it is possible to say something of what *The Great Soviet Encyclopedia* is, and what it is not, which is the second point of interest. It is in no sense encyclopediac, but instead a predictable Soviet view, complete with Soviet ideology and dogma, on what it regards as worth discussing and what is not. It is heavy on technology, mathematics, science, geography and cultural history, especially of all divisions of the USSR and other Communist states and Communist movements—and of course, why not? It is intended to present the Soviets' own picture of their nation, and as such it is invaluable to a Westerner seeking to know precisely that, as well as to know something about how the Soviet scholar views the West. For example: under Samuel Adams (14-line entry) we discover that he was "one of the organizers of the struggle for liberation," a leader of the revolutionary organization

Sons of Liberty, and established a committee of correspondence, a model for others which then became "the embryos of local revolutionary power." Poor John Adams, on the other hand, was a leader of the Federalist Party that "represented the interests of the conservative wing of the American bourgeoisie," and his administration was marked by the adoption of the Alien and Sedition Acts "which were directed against revolutionary emigrants from Europe . . . and provided for imprisonment for criticizing the government."

This translation (done at the suggestion of Macmillan editor Jean Paradise) is of the *third* edition of the *Encyclopedia* that first appeared in 1926, again in 1958 (completed) and in its present edition has sold more than 600,000 copies in the USSR. Surprising inclusions are essays on John Updike, and some other writers the Soviets don't especially approve of. Exclusions may well be the current dissident writers of the USSR. Words like "reactionary," "bourgeois," "monopoly," "capitalist," abound.

Other illuminating examples: under America there is 1) a geographic description that takes three columns; 2) 11 columns on "American Aggression in Vietnam"; 3) five lines on the American Broadcasting Company, and a long paragraph on the American Federation of Labor ("The right-wing leadership of the AFL pursued a policy of class collaboration with employers. . ."); 4) AFL-CIO ("Right-wing trade union leaders hold the major leadership positions in the AFL-CIO"); 5) American Foulbrood (25 lines. For your information this is an infectious disease of bee larvae: the treatment is prescribed); 6) Americanisms ("gold-digger," "hit the big spots," "go-getter," are among the examples given); 7) American Legion ("financed by large monopolies . . . the leadership takes a reactionary position on issues affecting American foreign and domestic policy"); 8) the American Monitor Lizard, and so forth. In the short article on AT&T, which concludes the "America" pages, the corporation itself may not know that "in relation to expenses, AT&T's gross profit was 66 per cent in 1965."

Per volume *The Great Soviet Encyclopedia* is \$50 (subject to change after 1973 with rising costs); the complete set, pre-ordered and prepaid is \$1100, otherwise \$1250. For a clear vision of the world as the Soviets see it, these 30 volumes will be indispensable to the scholar, the student, the interested general reader in the Western world.

Kauffmann, from page 20

for emancipation after the Emancipation Proclamation.

The script is pretty cumbersome. That reporter-interview device, for instance. The dialogue is mostly starch. When the ancient woman is asked to join a civil rights demonstration, a black youth says to her, "Your mere presence will bring forth the multitudes." The direction by John Korty, who has never been impressive, is even less so here: clumsy or imitative or simply vacant. But Tyson is very good. As she did in the soppy *Sounder*, she provides the only validity. Her performance cannot be as good as in *Sounder*: there she played a woman, here she has a contrived showpiece, made up of bits and pieces. But her centenarian is impressive—not because of the makeup, in which the wig line is very evident, but because of her voice and somatic empathy. The Big Moment in which she totters up the walk in front of a Louisiana courthouse to drink from a Whites Only fountain draws the tears it's meant to draw, even though it's a transparent Big Moment. But her best acting is in the scene on the river landing where (much younger) she welcomes back her foster son after his long absence. That was acting, not hokum. Valerie O'Dell as the juvenile Jane is appealingly reticent.

The film is worth watching to be reminded, even on this homiletic level, of some of the easily forgotten facts of the black struggle and to see Tyson; and to make us hope that after *Sounder* and this facile liberalist ragout, she'll get something worthy of her.

Book Note. A. S. Barnes has just published *International Film Guide 1974*, edited by Peter Cowie (paperbound; \$3.95). This is the 10th and biggest edition (608 pp.), with articles on five "directors of the year," surveys of last year's film activities in 49 countries by numerous correspondents, lists of film festivals and bookshops and schools and archives around the world. Much more. Heavily illustrated. Very useful and a great bargain.

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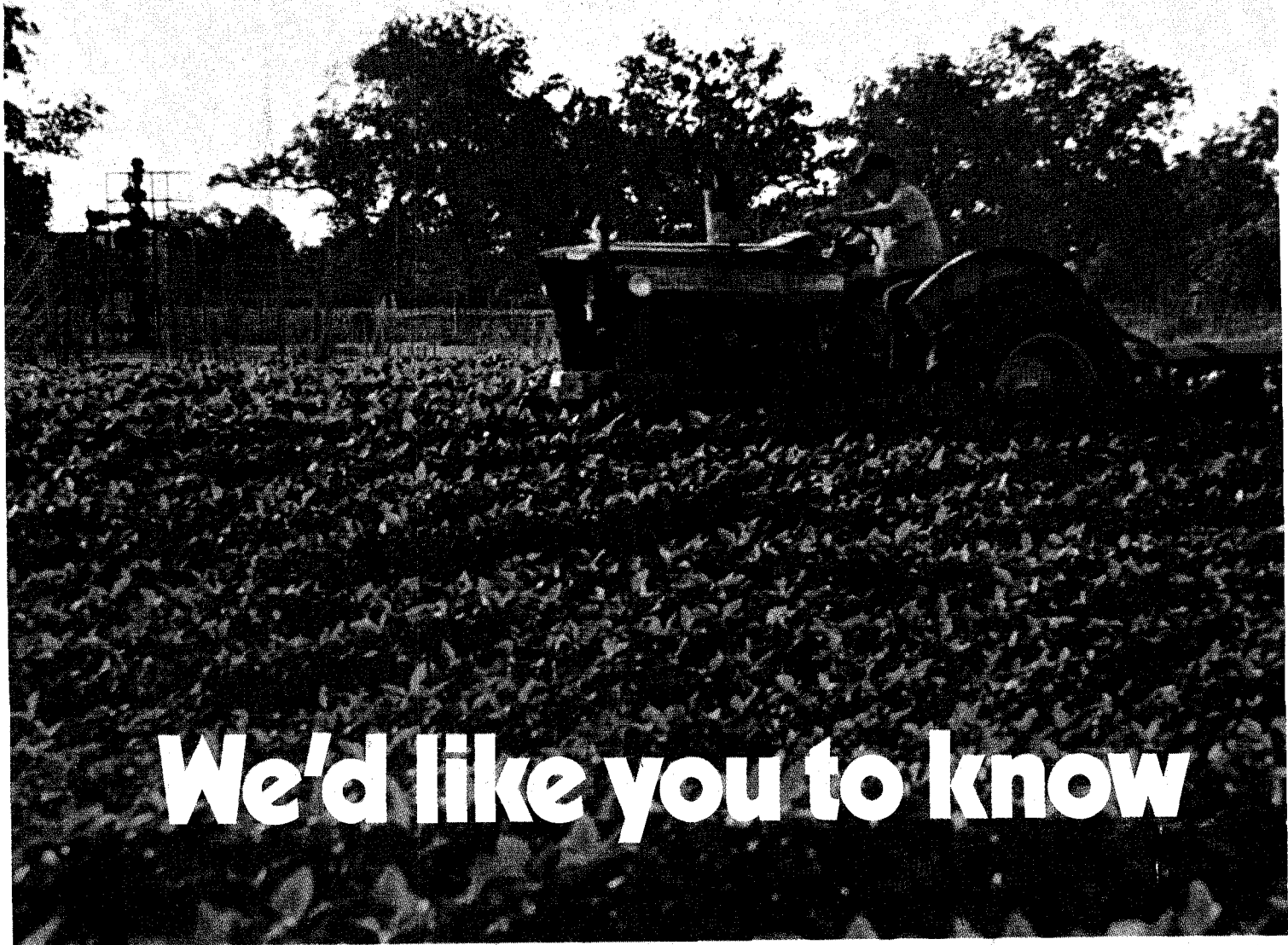
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